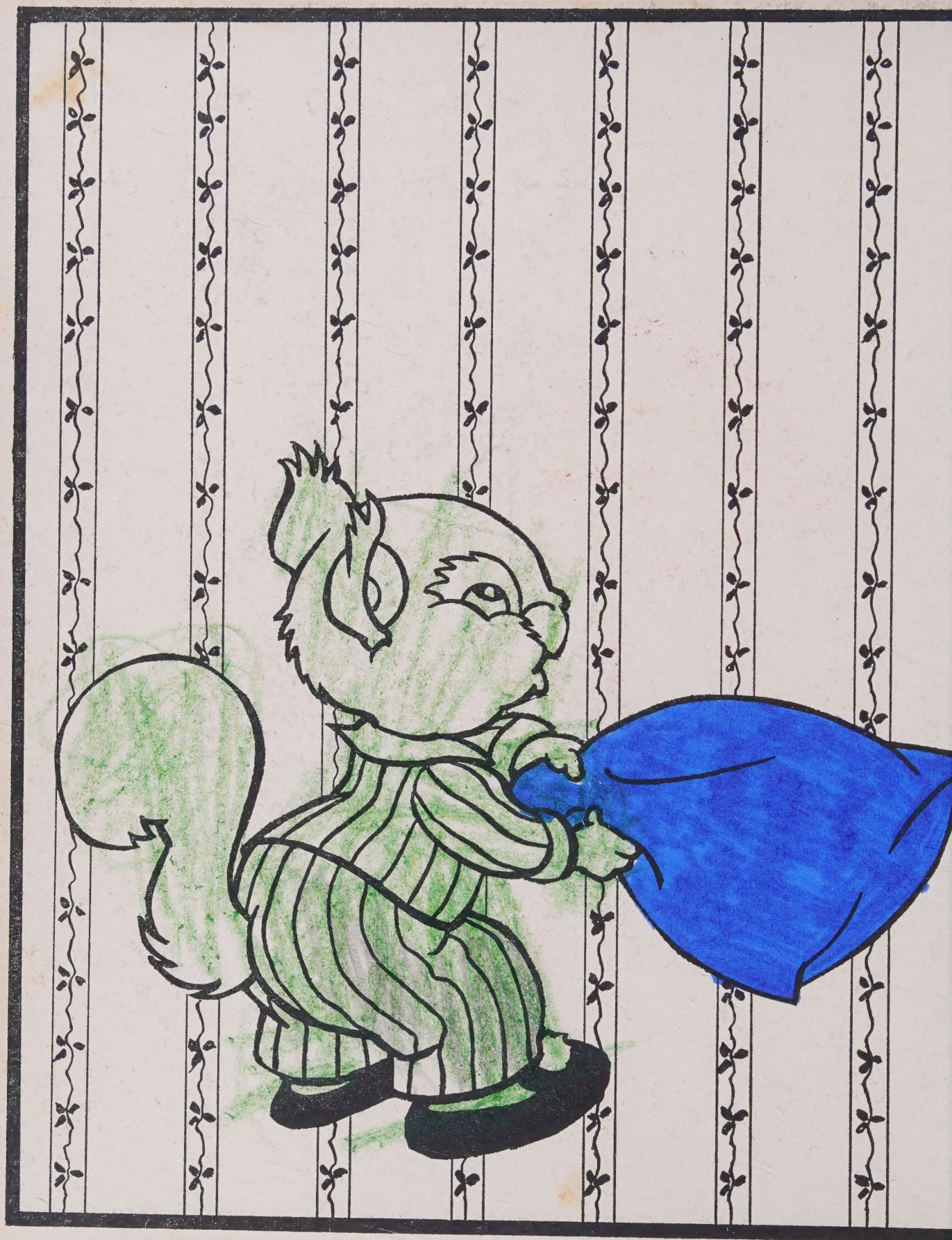
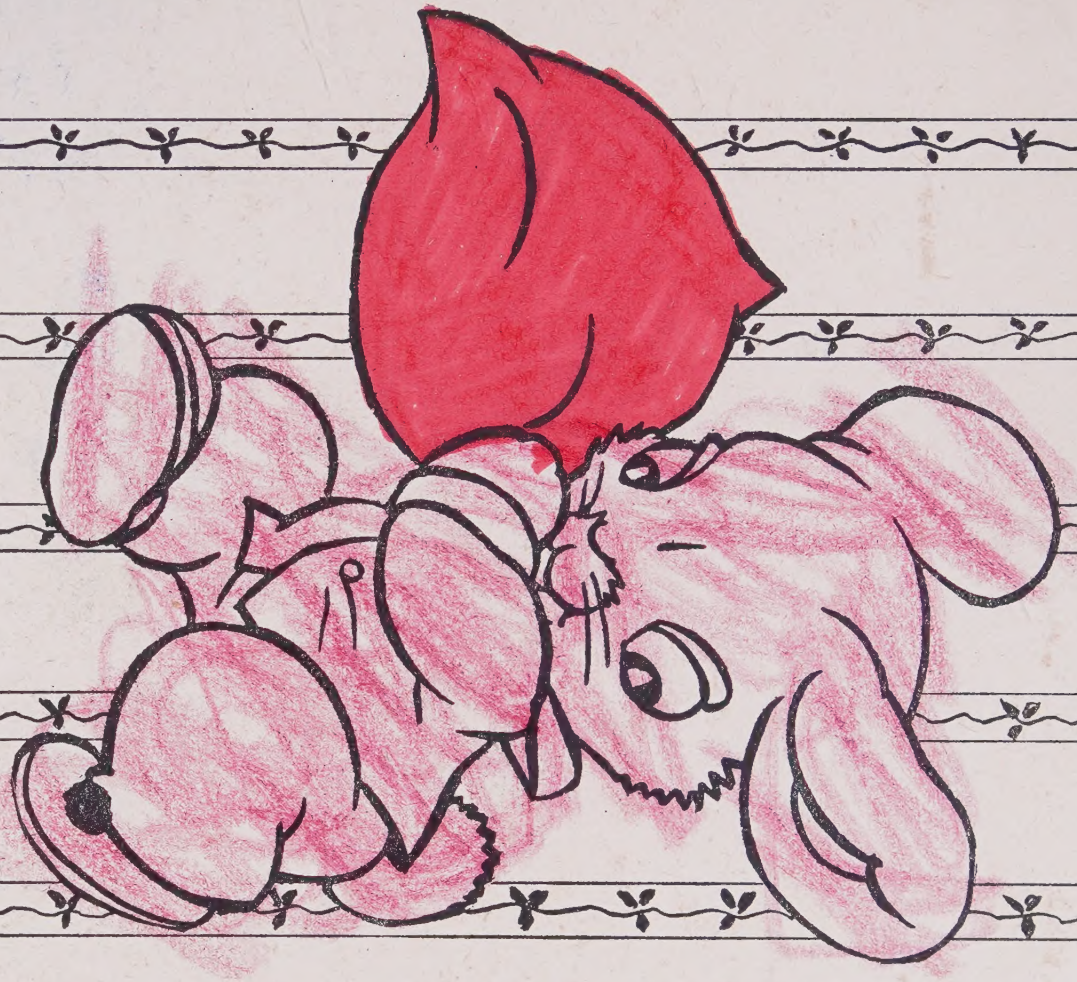
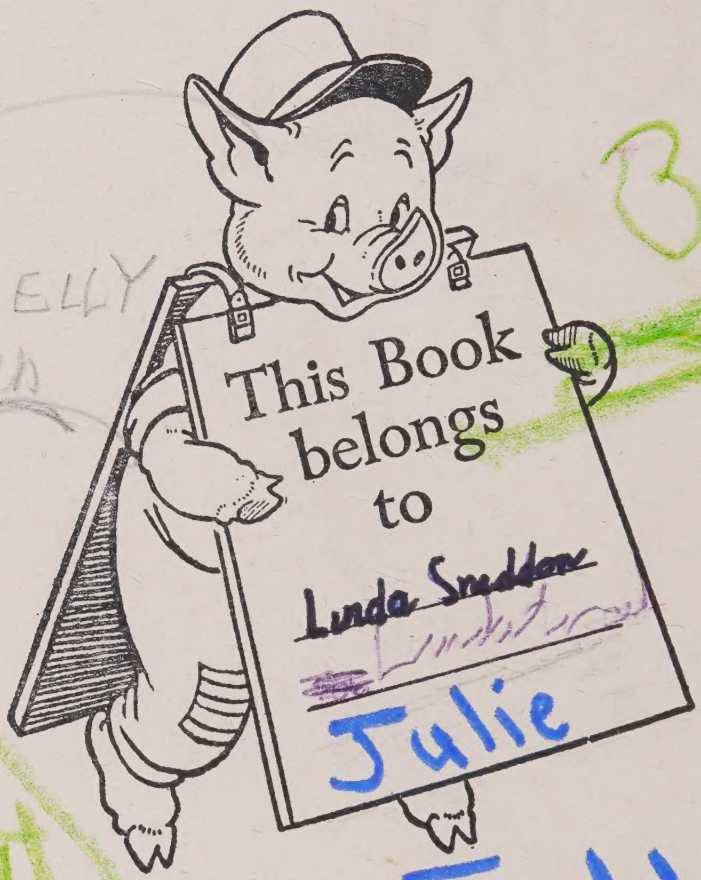
MY FIRST Bumper STORY BOOK






This Book
belongs
to
Linda Sneddon
Julie
Trodden

MY FIRST BUMPER STORY BOOK

PURNELL

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STRANDED

BOOFLES the puppy and Thimble the Kitten were really quite good friends and were always playing together, but sometimes Boofles would get rather rough, so that the little kitten had to scold him and give him a tap with her paw.

One day, when the puppy became more boisterous than usual, Thimble scratched his nose, which made him very cross and snappy. The kitten ran away.

Round and round the farm-yard she ran with Boofles, just behind, growling and yapping in quite a rage. Through the gap in the fence behind the milking shed over the field towards the pond, they raced.

"Just wait until I catch you," barked the angry pup. "I'll teach you to scratch, you spiteful thing."

KAREN

When Thimble reached the duckpond, the first thing she saw was the old wash-tub, floating in the reeds near the edge. Without stopping she leapt off the bank into it, but hardly had she begun to crouch down when in jumped Boofles and landed right on top of her.

What a commotion there was, as they struggled and rolled about in the tub, yapping and mewing.

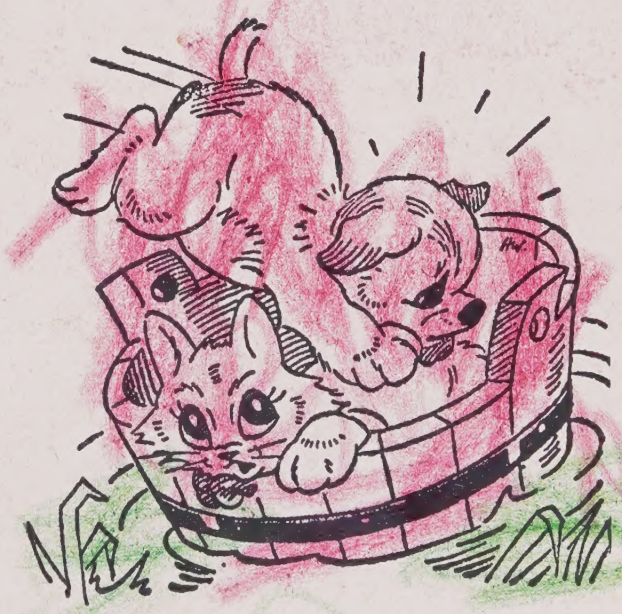
Suddenly they realised that they were moving further and further away from the bank, and forgetting their argument, sat up, and watched with dismay as they drifted helplessly out into the middle of the pond.

"Oh dear," whimpered Boofles, "we are in a pickle now, and I can't even swim."

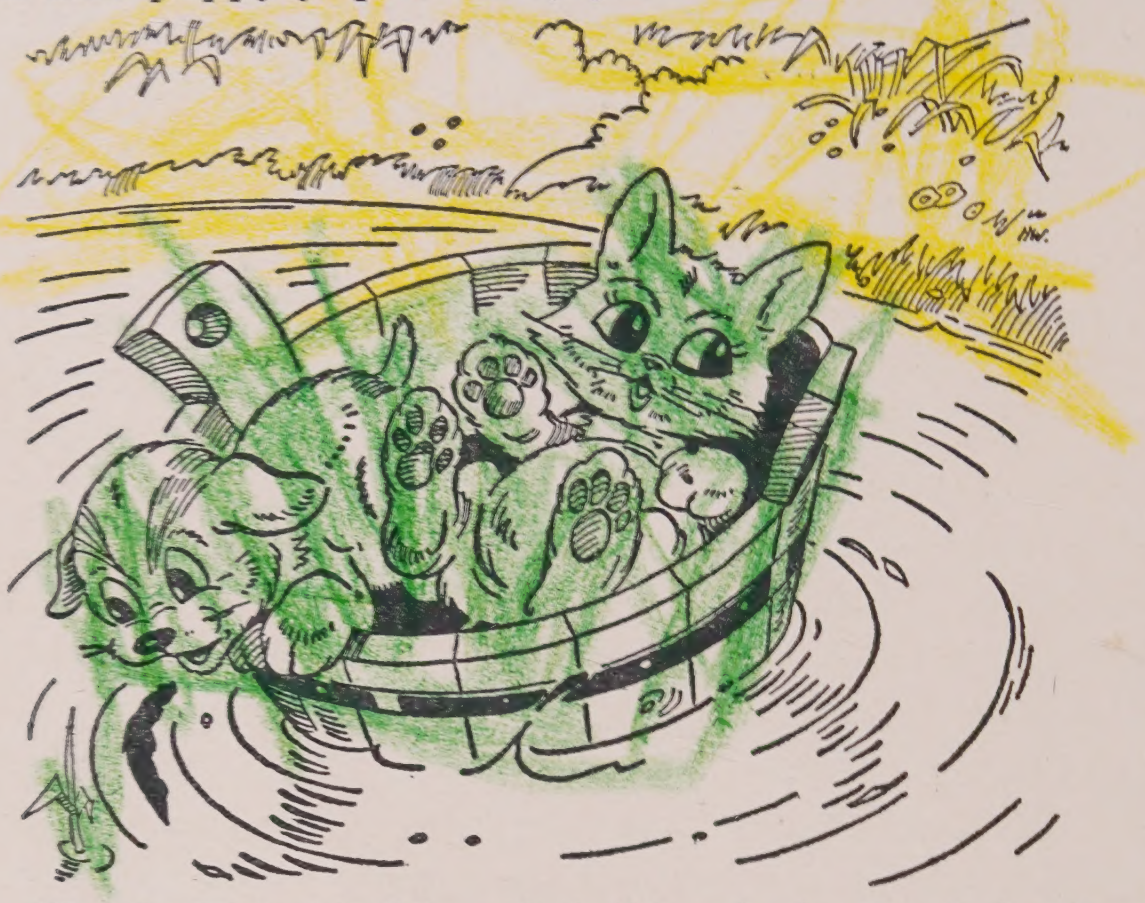
Thimble, looking at the cold water around them, shivered and mewed, "Nor can I, and I'm beginning to feel sea-sick, too."

They sat side by side, wondering how they would manage to get back home, while the tub gradually floated to a standstill in the centre of the pond.

"There is only one thing to do," said Thimble presently, "we shall have to call for help."



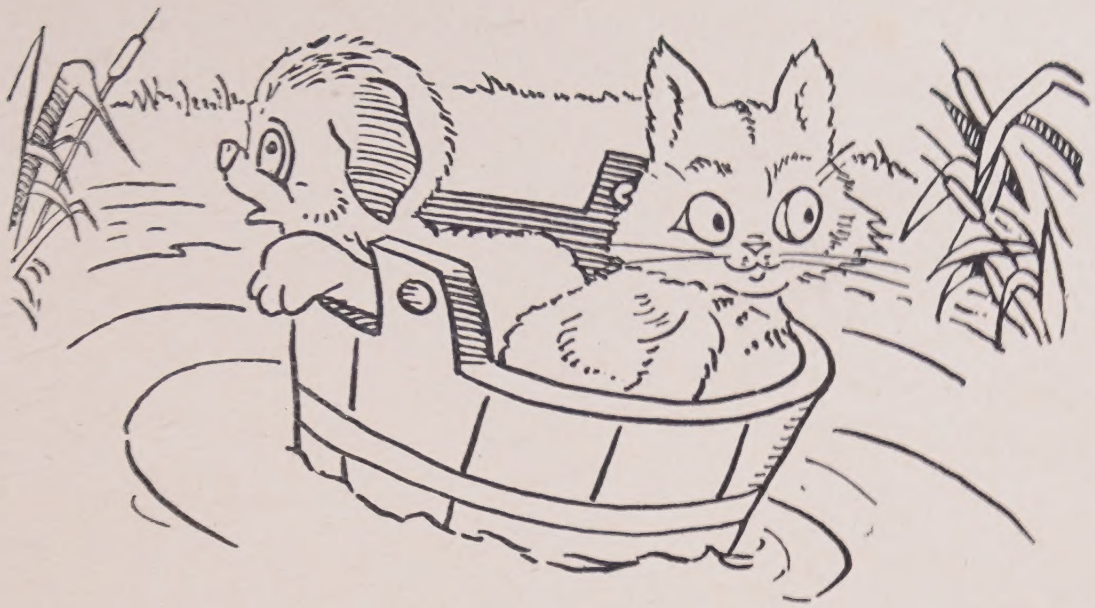
So, while the kitten mee-oo-ed loudly, Boofles howled at the top of his voice, but nobody seemed to hear them, and they were just about to give it up, when suddenly the little puppy yelped with joy.



"Look, Thimble," he cried, "there's the Duck family coming from the farm for their daily swim."

And when Thimble looked, she could see Mrs. Duck leading her six ducklings, all in a line, towards the pond.

When they reached the bank and saw the two pets stranded in the tub and looking so forlorn, the Duck family quacked with laughter.



"What on earth are you doing there?" said Mrs. Duck, waddling into the water.

When Thimble told her what had happened she quacked, "Never mind, we'll soon have you safely back on shore."

Gathering her ducklings round her, she led them out to the tub.

"Now, children," she said, "three of you swim round to one side, and three to the other, while I go at the back."

When they were all in place, she counted, "One-two-three-GO!" and the six pairs of little webbed feet went paddling away as they pushed against the wash-tub, which soon began to move.

Thimble and Boofles were delighted, as they glided slowly towards the reeds, and the little swimmers enjoyed every second of it, quacking and cheeping and

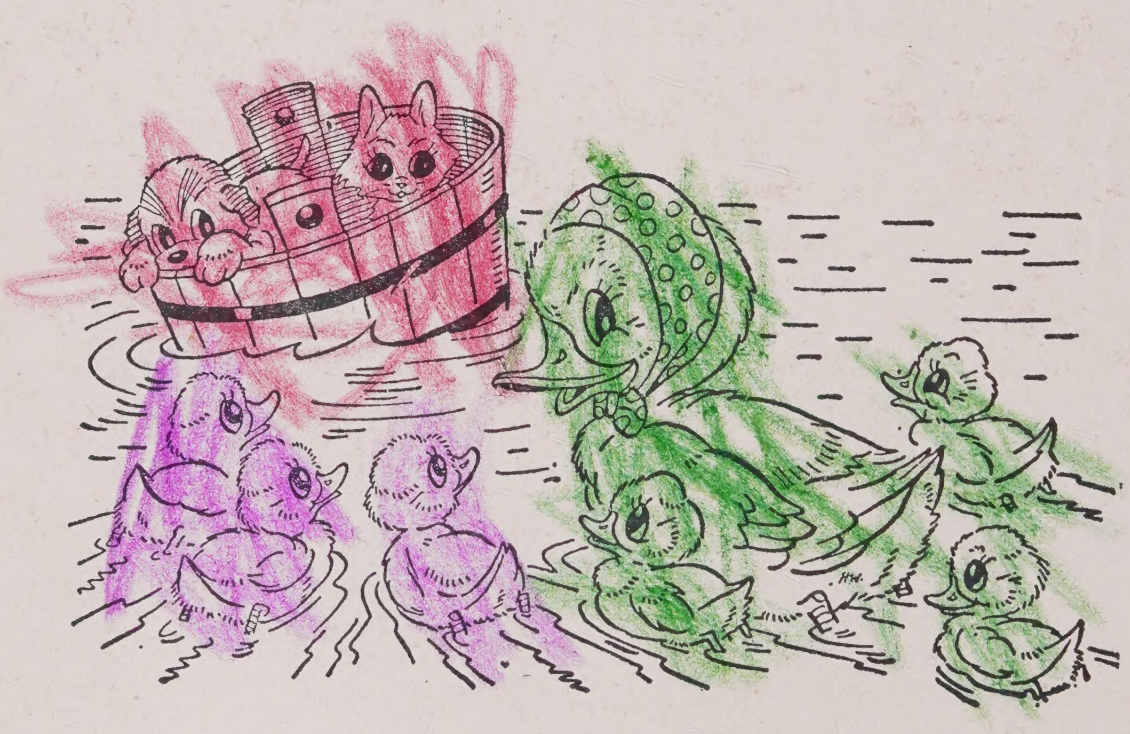
trying to keep up with the tub, which was moving quite fast now, until with a bump it hit the grassy bank, and out jumped the pets.

"Thank you very much," they cried as they scampered off home.

"You're welcome, my dears, and don't get up to any more mischief."

But they were already half-way home, for Boofles had remembered his sore nose again and was chasing Thimble towards the farmhouse, barking for all he was worth.

"Oh well," sighed Mrs. Duck, "I suppose kittens and pups will get into mischief, and they would not be happy unless they were chasing each other."



The Fairy Lesson

LITTLE Mary peeped at the watch which had been given her for her birthday. "Oooh!" she whispered, as she saw that the hands pointed to eight o'clock. "If Mummy doesn't come soon, I shall be too late to go to school. Oh, goody!" And she curled up in her nice warm bed again and pretended to be asleep.

About two minutes later she heard someone calling her from the window. "I say, Betty! Hi! Wake up, Betty!"

The little girl opened her eyes and stared at a real pixie, who was beckoning to her from the window. "Come ON!" he cried. "I can't wait all day. I'm late for school already."

Betty sat up in bed. "But I'm not going to school," she answered, "unless Mummy gets me up very soon; it will be too late. I expect she has overslept. Isn't it fun?"

The pixie fluttered his wings and flew over to the child's pillow. "I'm not talking about your school," he said. "I mean the fairy school. I know you'll be too late for yours, so I thought you might like to go to ours instead. It's great fun!"

Betty clapped her hands with glee. "That would be lovely, Mr. Pixie!" she cried. "But what will Mummy say when she finds me gone? She will be worried, won't she?"

"Oh, that's all right," came the reply, "we'll be back before she comes to your room. Come on, hurry up!"

With that he held out his hands and, to Betty's great surprise, she found that she could take them easily. She had been reduced to the same size as the pixie. "HANG on tightly!" cried the little fellow. "I could fly with two like you! I'm one of the strongest pixies in Fairyland."

So the little girl was flown through the window, across the garden, over the woods, over the town where she lived, across a wide expanse of glittering sea, and on and on until the pixie fluttered to earth in front of a huge building.

"Where are we?" asked Betty, in wonderment.

"That's our school," answered the pixie. "Hurry up, because the bell is ringing."

Sure enough, there came the sweet tinkling of a fairy bell as the two hurried into the building.

There a fairy, who looked rather strange with spectacles on her nose, peered over the top of them at the visitor. "Name of Betty?" she asked.

"That's right!" put in the pixie. "She's coming to our school for to-day."

"Very well," said the fairy mistress, "take her to the Dancing Class in the Butterfly Room."

At one end of the room a fairy band was playing a dance tune. "All right, fairies!" called out the dance mistress. "I want you to practise the Ring Dance. Form a ring and start. One—two—three . . . OFF YOU GO!"

For the first five minutes of that dance the little girl had a wonderful time; then she began to get tired. "Stop!" she cried at last. "I—I c-can't go on any longer."

At last the music stopped and she sank, exhausted, into a chair.

"Good!" cried the pixie, as he came up to Betty. "That was very good. Now for the Sewing Class. I understand the fairies are darning holes in cobwebs to-day. It's a grand lesson. Come on!" And despite the little girl's protest, she was rushed out of the Dance Room, along miles of corridors to another huge room which was also packed with fairies of all sizes.

The mistress put a needle into Betty's hand, then a long length of silken thread, and finally she laid a pile of broken cobwebs on the table before her. "All ready?" she called out to the class. "I shall expect all the darning

to be done in ten minutes. GO!" And, instantly, hundreds of needles flashed in the sunlight that shone through the big windows.

Betty managed to cobble up only ONE cobweb when the mistress rang a silver bell. "All finished?" she cried.

"P-please . . ." began poor Betty.

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the fairy mistress, as she gazed at the pile of work still on Betty's table. "You are a funny thing. Fancy wanting to come to OUR school when you can go to your own, which is ever so much easier."

"But I didn't know it was s-so hard!" wailed poor Betty. "I thought it would be fun."

"It is fun!" chorused all the fairies round her. "Look! We're going to do another pile of cobwebs each."

Betty looked round for the pixie, and saw him sitting by the door. "Please take me home!" she cried.

"Mummy will miss me! Oh, please take me home!"

"But don't you want to go to the Flower Painting Class, or the Honey Gathering Class, or the Wing Repairing Class?" he cried in amazement. "Why, all those lessons are great fun!"

"No, no!" cried Betty. "Please take me home."

The pixie shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said, "just take my hand."

So the two set off once more, down miles of corridors to the entrance to the school building, then up in the air on that long, long flight across the sea, across miles of country, across Betty's home town, across her own garden and finally to the window of her bedroom. "There!" exclaimed the

pixie. "Back again!" He touched the girl with his finger and instantly she was her own size once again and back in bed.

All the time she had been flying from Fairyland Betty had kept her eyes closed; now she opened them again and looked up into her mother's face.

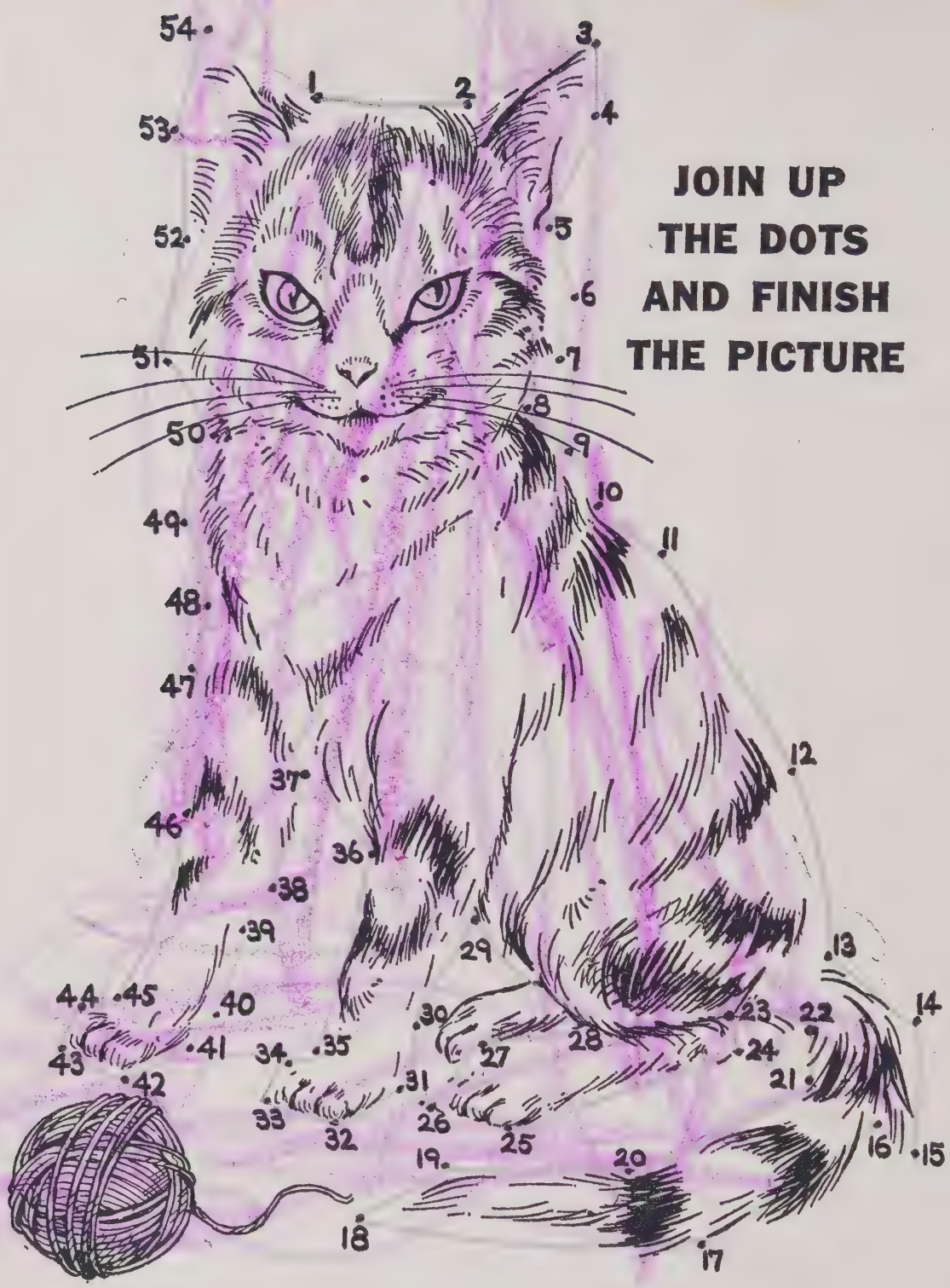
"Good morning, darling!" said her mother. "Time to get up. You don't want to be late for school to-day, do you? Have you forgotten that you are all going into the woods on a picnic? I am sure you will all enjoy your lessons much better out there than in a stuffy classroom."

Betty stared at her mother as she remembered her mistress's promise to take her class out for lessons in the woods. "But, Mummy," she wailed, "it's too late. Oh, how silly and naughty I was." And she told the whole story of how she had woken up at eight o'clock and then pretended to be asleep until the pixie came.

Mummy laughed. "Don't worry, dear," she said, "it's only half-past seven. You forgot to wind up your watch last night. As for your visit to the Fairy School, that must have been a dream. Come along, precious, up you get!"

Betty did not hesitate a moment longer. With one bound she was out of bed. "I'm so glad I haven't got to darn cobwebs!" she thought to herself. "Even geography will be easy after that!"

And it WAS!


JOIN UP
THE DOTS
AND FINISH
THE PICTURE

The Pixie Hat Shop

Underneath a toadstool
In a leafy glen
There's a little hat shop
Just for pixie men.

Acorn caps for week days,
Beech nuts for Sundays,
Harebell hats for parties
And for Easter Mondays.

You should see the pixies
When they come to buy—
To get hats to suit them,
Every one they'll try.

SALLY THE SNAIL

Sally was a little snail,
  Who felt so very shy,
She'd always hide inside her shell
  When anyone passed by.

However useful, sweet and kind,
  Poor Sally longed to be,
So sad and lonesome she became
  For lack of company.

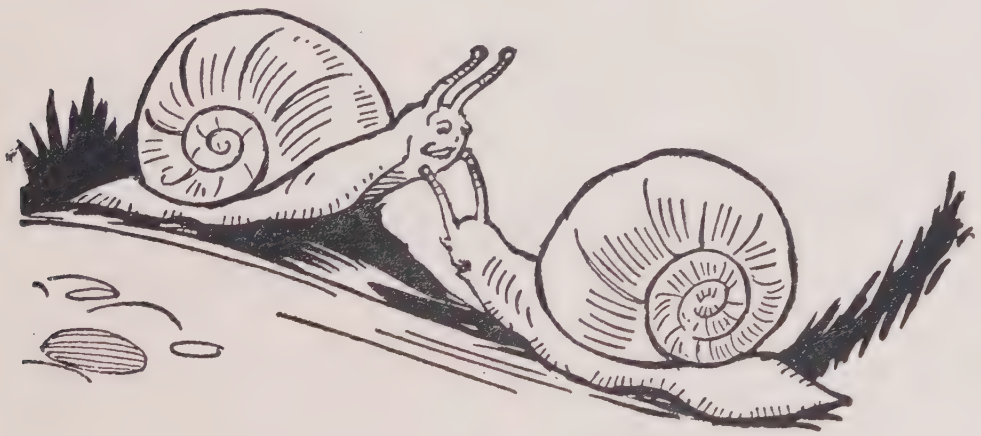
"Oh, Sally," said a friendly worm,
  "It's very plain to tell,
How really happy you could be
  Outside your little shell.

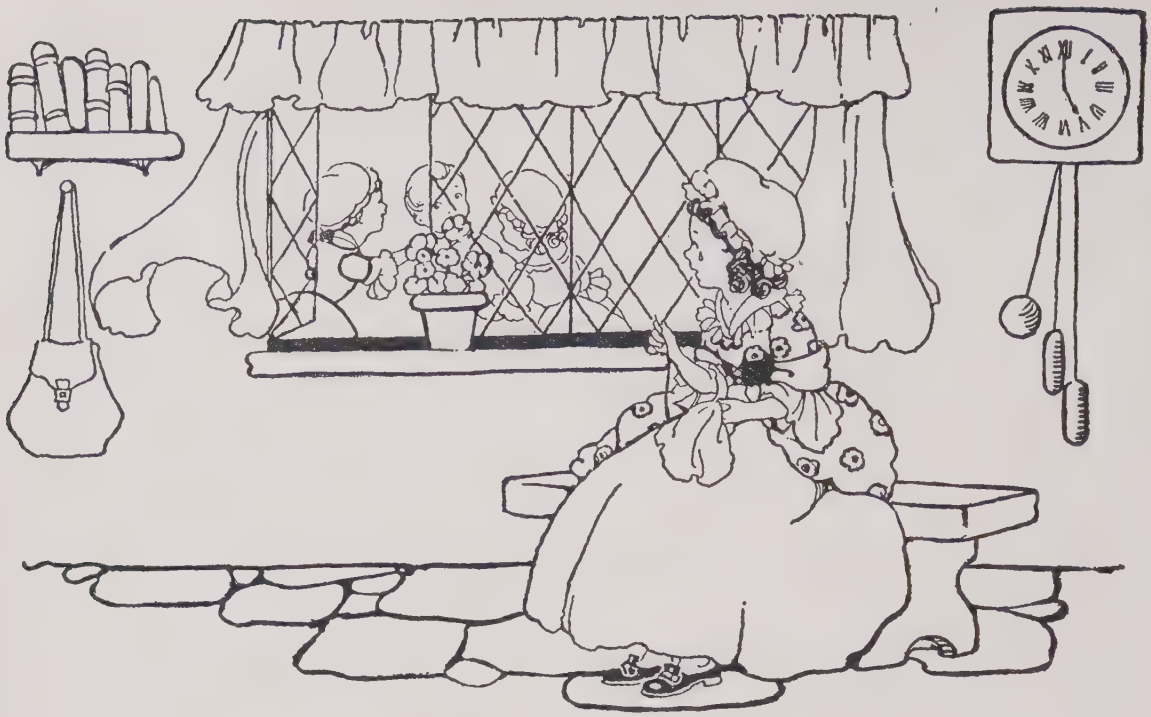
"The world is such a jolly place,
  There's lots to see and do,
With many other little snails
  Who feel as shy as you."

Sally often thought of this,
  As up the path she'd trail,
And then one morning Sally met
  Another little snail.

Each gave a very friendly smile,
  And crawling side by side,
They laughed and chatted; Sally found
  She soon forgot to hide.

Now Sally, as she roams about,
  Has smiles for everyone,
For Sally now has many friends,
  And such a lot of fun.





THE SILVER THIMBLE

"OH, bother!" said Jenny, as she pricked her finger for the twentieth time. "I shall never be able to do these stupid stitches."

A little tear slid down her cheek and went 'plop' on the needlework in her hand. Poor Jenny! All the other children were laughing and playing outside, but she had been kept in her classroom to finish her needlework. Miss Miggs, her teacher, said it was a disgrace. Jenny tried hard, but the stitches just would not come straight and tidy.

Just then, a little tinkling sound made her look down on the floor, and there, at her feet, was a tiny silver

thimble. She picked it up. It was a pretty object, with a pattern all round the rim. There were words on it as well. She spelled them out in great excitement.

WHOEVER USES ME
SHALL A CLEVER
SEAMSTRESS BE

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Jenny, as she read the words. "Just what I want to be!"

She popped the thimble on her finger, and took up her needlework once more. To her joy, the needle simply flew along, making the tiny, neat little stitches.

The hem was finished in a twinkling, and Jenny put it on Miss Miggs' desk and rushed home in great excitement. There was no doubt that the thimble was a magic one. Where had it come from, Jenny wondered. It had just dropped at her feet, but *surely* someone had thrown it to her—or lost it.

Every day her needlework became better and better, but she did not tell anyone about the silver thimble. Miss Miggs offered a prize for the best hemstitched handkerchief, and Jenny went into the garden to start work. Just as she took the thimble out of her pocket, a little voice said: "Thank you; that's mine!" The thimble was whisked off her finger.

"Oh!" gasped Jenny, for sitting before her was a little brownie, using the thimble as a seat.

"I gave you the thimble to help you," said the brownie, "but you have had it long enough."

Poor Jenny nearly cried, for she did so want to win the prize. She knew that without the magic thimble she wouldn't.

"Oh, please," she begged, "couldn't I keep it just a little while longer?"

"Perhaps you want the thimble just long enough to win the prize?" said the brownie.

Jenny hung her head. "Yes," she whispered.

"Do you think that is fair?" asked the brownie

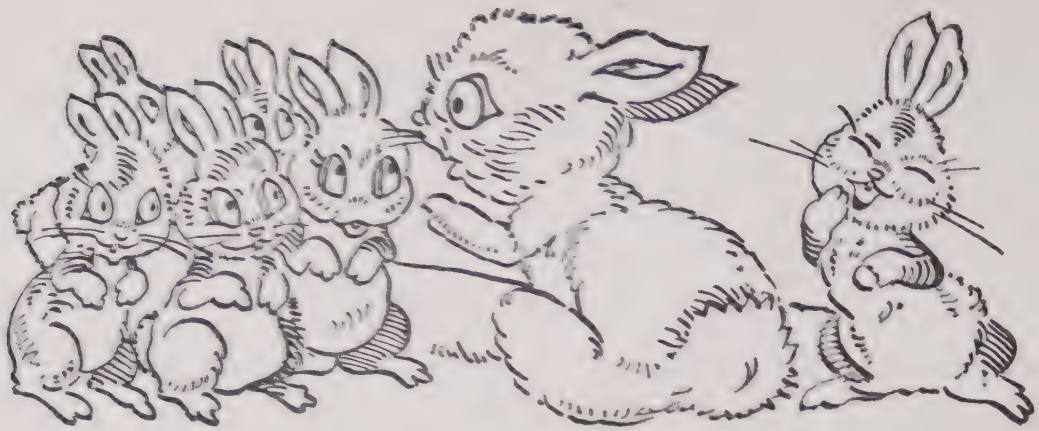
sternly. "Nobody else has a magic thimble, so why should you use one? Try to win the prize without the thimble."

The brownie hopped into the thimble, and it went sailing over the trees and was soon out of sight.

Jenny felt she must try to win the prize, even if she wasn't very clever with her needle. She started to work, and to her great joy found that she could sew just as well without the magic thimble as with it!

"I am so glad I did as the brownie told me," she said.

Soon the handkerchief was finished. It was judged to be the very best, and everybody agreed that Jenny deserved to win. Miss Miggs gave Jenny the prize—and what do you think it was? A silver thimble!



BERTIE BUNNY KEEPS HIS PROMISE

IN a cosy burrow, at the edge of the woods, Mrs. Bobtail Bunny was giving lessons on how to behave to her family of six small bunnies. The youngest and laziest was not listening to his mother, but was far away in a day dream and longing for the time when he could go outside and play among the bushes and flowers, in the crisp morning air.

Quite soon he was yawning rudely and edging his way slowly behind Mrs. Bunny towards the entrance of the burrow, then, when her back was turned, out he hopped on to the dewy grass.

"What a beautiful morning," he sighed, "much too good to waste on lessons. . . . I'm for a game in the woods," and off he went, his little nose twitching with pleasure, as he scampered among the leaves and ferns.

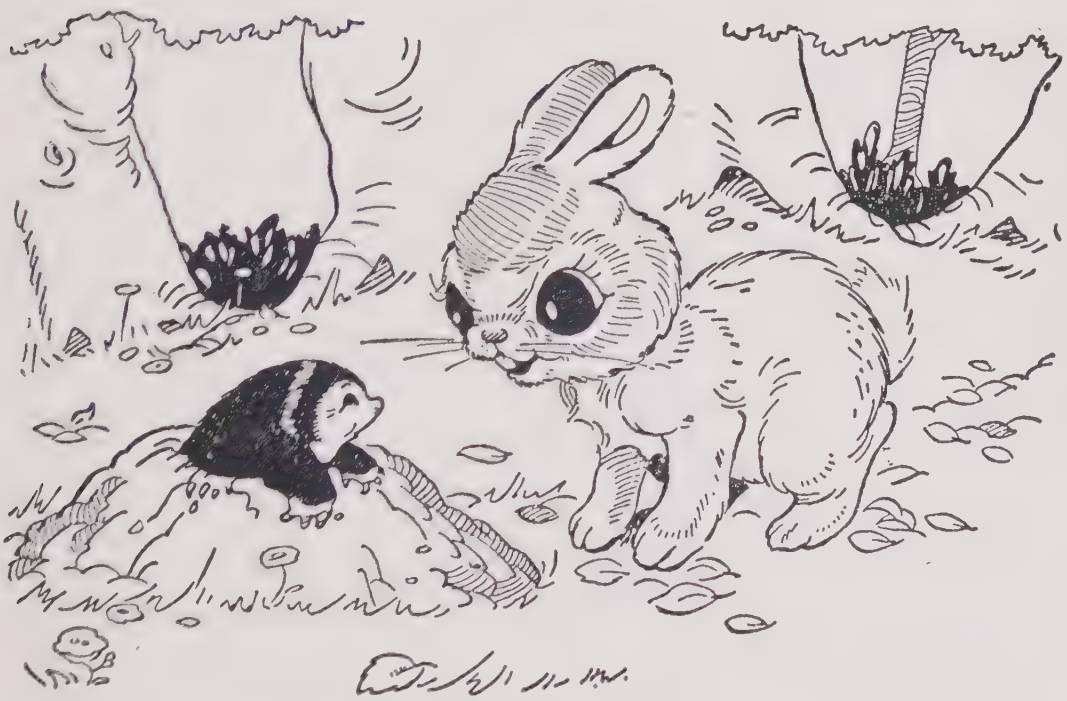
But Bertie soon got tired of playing by himself, and

went deeper into the woods to find a playmate, and he soon came upon Percy Mole, throwing up a mound of earth to make another of his many molehills.

"Hallo, Percy," said the little rabbit, "will you come and play hopscotch with me?"

"Good gracious me, no," replied the busy mole, "I have far too much digging to do, go and ask Sammy Squirrel," and with that he threw up another shower of leaf mould and was gone.

So with a hop, skip and a jump, Bertie went on to the big oak tree where the red squirrels lived. "Coo-ee," he called, until Sammy's head popped out of a hole in the tree near the bottom branch.



"Good morning," said Bertie, "can you come and play hide-and-seek with me?"

Sammy frowned and said crossly: "Of course not, you silly rabbit, how can I, when I have all these nuts to collect for the winter . . . why don't you ask Freddie Frog?" and back he popped into the tree again.

Up the path went Bertie until he came to the pool, where he saw Freddie Frog sitting on a water-lily, shooting his long sticky tongue out at the insects that buzzed around the pool.

"Good-day," he said meekly, "please come and play leap-frog with me."

"Not to-day," croaked Freddie Frog in reply, "I'm far too busy. Go and ask Hoppy Hedgehog or Spinny Spider," and giving a spring in the air, he disappeared, with a little splash, beneath the surface of the pool.

Bertie suddenly felt very lonely as he watched the ripples widening on the pool, but he went on and called first upon Hoppy Hedgehog, who was busy building a new house, and then to Spinny Spider, who was tidily mending her web, even the ants at the ant-hill had so much work to do that they could not find time even to speak to him.

So turning sadly away, the lonely little rabbit started to make his way home, but he had come such a long way into the wood that he had quite forgotten which path he had come by.

HE SAW A TINY LADYBIRD SITTING ON A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

"Oh, dear!" he cried, "I'm lost now, whatever shall I do. . . . I will never find my way home," and sitting down on the grass, he burst into tears.

"Boo-hoo," he sobbed, "nobody wants to play with a lazy thing like me, if only I could be back in the burrow with Mummy, I would never run away again."

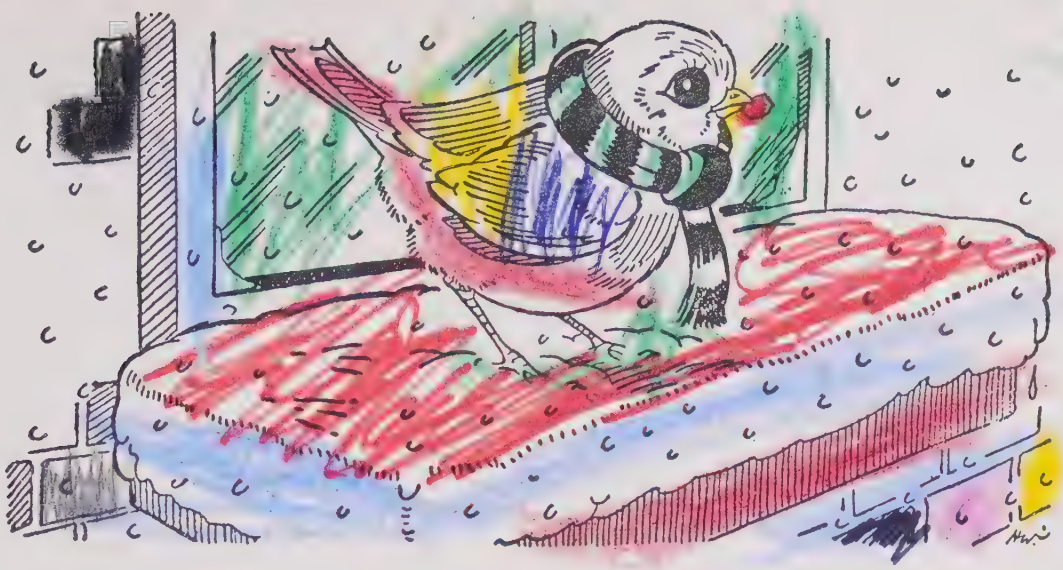
"So you can," said a wee voice by his side, "if you promise to be a good bunny and learn your lessons properly in future."

"I will, I will," promised Bertie, and, looking round, he saw a tiny ladybird, sitting on a four-leaf clover.

"Then eat this clover and make your wish," she cried, and opening her tiny wings, she flew away.

Bertie nibbled the clover until it was all gone, then he closed his eyes and wished himself back at home, and sure enough, when he opened them again, there he was back in the burrow, listening to Mrs. Bunny telling them all how to wash their whiskers.

Now you might think that Bertie had fallen asleep and dreamed it all, but whether he did or not, the little rabbit never forgot his promise and listened so carefully to his mother that he soon became the busiest and best behaved Bunny in the whole warren . . . and he always had plenty of playmates when playtime came along.



UPON THE WINDOWSILL

In the winter when it's cold,
And snow is on the ground,
On the windowsill each morn,
Red Robin will be found.

You will see him standing there,
His red breast shining bright,
The only dash of colour
In the wilderness of white.

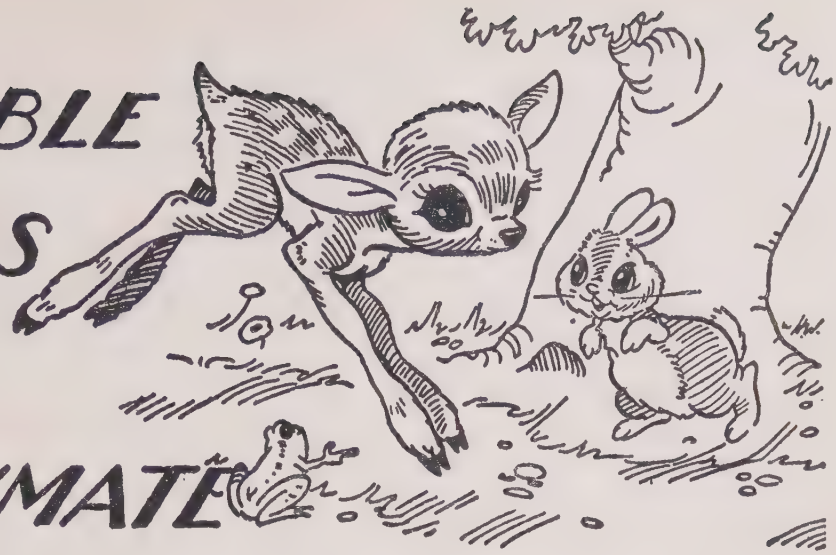
Watch him pecking at the crumbs,
How hungry he must be,
Then with the biggest piece of bread,
He'll fly back to the tree.

In the nest his family
All wait with open beaks,
To satisfy their hunger,
With the good things that he seeks.

So, from day to day he's there,
To gather crumbs of bread,
Until at last, the winter goes,
And spring-time comes instead.

So look out for Red Robin,
In snow and ice and chill,
A-singing for his breakfast,
Upon the windowsill.

FAMBLE FINDS A PLAYMATE



ALTHOUGH he was such a tiny fawn, Famble soon learnt to use his long, spindly legs, to skip and run and spring in the air, like little fawns do.

He was a lovable creature and soon made friends with all the folk in the woods where he was born, but despite these good neighbours, Famble was lonely, for he had no brothers and sisters like the other animals, and yearned for someone of his own kind to play with.

One morning, very early, Famble crept out of the bower, where he lived, very quietly so as not to awaken his mother, and sniffing the fresh spring air, set off, skipping lightly down the leafy track that led to the great forest on the edge of the wood.

He was not quite sure why he was going, he only knew that the soft warm breeze, rustling through the trees, bade him go and seek in the forest.

As he sped along the path, the birds paused in their morning song to chirp, "Keep on, keep on," and as the path wound and twisted among the tall trees and sparkling streams, he heard the crickets chattering in the grass, "Not yet, not yet."

Up hill and down dale he went until he reached the edge of the wood and then he stopped, and stood quivering with joy, for coming towards him out of the fores was another little fallow fawn just like himself. Famble's heart leapt with joy, for he had found a playmate at last.

Famble and Dawn, for that was the other fawn's name, played happily together among the flowers and trees, and every morning afterwards, they would meet there, one from the forest and one from the woods, and play together until sundown, to their heart's content.

CAN YOU FIND MRS. BUNNY AND HER SIX BABIES

FREDDIE THE FROG

FREDDIE Frog lived in a big pond at the end of the lane. He was not very good-looking, and many who knew him said that he was very ugly indeed. But Freddie thought himself very handsome, and he never tired of looking at himself in the mirror.

One day two little children came walking past the pond where Freddie was trying to look very important as he sat on a large stone jutting out of the water. One of the boys, who was carrying a book under his arm, pointed at Freddie.

"Oh, look!" said the boy. "There's the Frog Prince!"

When Freddie Frog heard the boy's remark he could hardly stop himself from croaking with pride. He little thought that "The Frog Prince" was only the title of a story in the book that the boy carried. Freddie put on airs and graces after that and all the creatures in the pond came to ask him what had made such a change in him.

Mr. Croaker, the largest frog, said, "If you are a Frog Prince you had better marry the Frog Princess!"

Everyone laughed, but Freddie took it quite seriously, and rushed off to dress himself in his best suit. The other frogs jeered, but little Miss Jemima, who loved him, said timidly: "Dear Freddie, if the Princess does not want to marry you, please come back, and I will."

When Freddie reached the Palace he knocked on the gate, and a guard asked him what he wanted.

"I have come to marry the Princess."

The guard stared at him, then laughed until tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he gasped. "We will see what the Princess has to say about it!"

He seized Freddie's arm and marched him into the Palace. By this time Freddie was nearly bursting with rage, but he felt that when the Princess saw him she would be so overcome that they would be married at once, and that would put the stupid guard in his proper place.

But the Princess looked at him so fiercely that his knees began to knock together.

"Well," she said at last, "what do you want, fellow?"

"Please, your Highness, I have come to m-marry you," gasped Freddie.

"What!" shrieked the Princess. "Put him in prison!"

With a terrified leap, poor Freddie was off before anyone could move, and he didn't stop until he was safely home again in his own pond. Trembling and gasping, he sank down on the rock, and burst into tears.

All his friends crowded round, and Miss Jemima wiped away his tears with her own little hanky. Freddie Frog was quite overcome when he remembered how badly he had treated Miss Jemima.

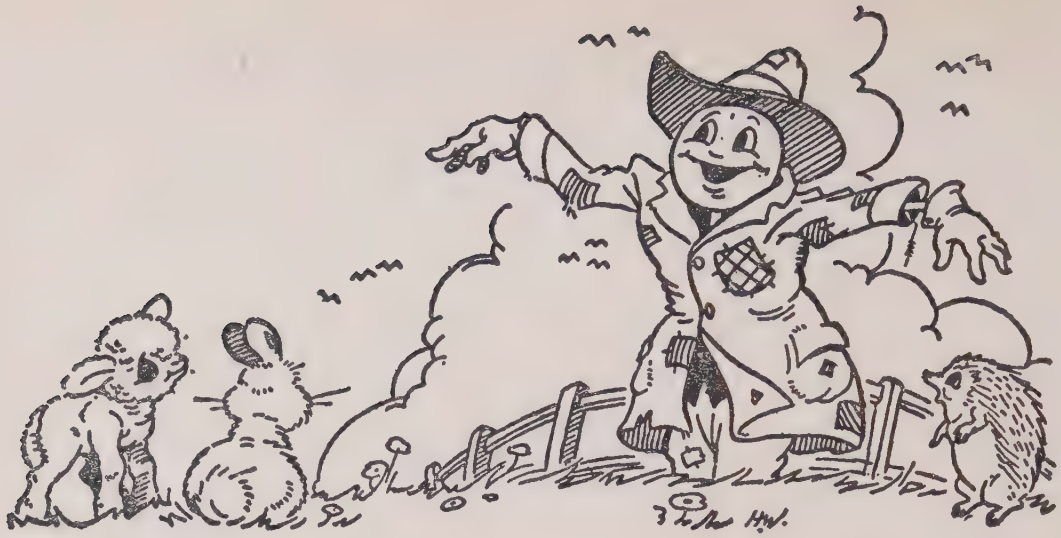
"How kind of you," he sobbed. "I was so rude to you, but I do love you, really, and you are much, *much* more kind and beautiful than the Princess. How silly and vain I have been! If you will forgive me I promise I will never be so again."

Jemima could see how sorry Freddie was, and she was overjoyed then to hear him ask her to marry him.

"Of course I will, and I gladly forgive you," she said. "When we are married we can live happily and forget what has happened today."

So Freddie and Jemima were married, and lived very happily together in the pond. If anyone wanted to tease him they would just say with a smile: "How is His Royal Highness today?"

But nobody said it when Jemima was near!



OLD PATCH THE SCARECROW

In the field where grows the corn,
  Patch the Scarecrow gave a yawn,
Stretched his arms and blinked an eye,
  Looked up at the morning sky.

"There's a sunny day ahead,
  For all the Pets to play," he said.
"I will call them one by one,
  To come along and join the fun.

"First the Robin Redbreast that
  Is always nesting in my hat,
Out you come and sing a song,
  To help the merry days along.

"Now you Bunnies gather round,
Not quite awake yet, I'll be bound.
Where have those Dormice made their nest?
Inside my pocket—well, I'm blessed!

"Come on, Hoppy Hedgehog, do,
Here come the lambs and Skimpy too.
It will be grand to watch you play,
While I scare the crows away."

PAINT OR CRAYON THIS PICTURE

HONEYLAMB GETS A NEW COAT

SPRING had come to Jollipet Farm and all the lambs were out in the meadow, romping and skipping in the green grass, all except Honeylamb, she lay dreaming by herself among the daisies and buttercups, in the shade of an old tree.

All the other lambs thought her ugly and would not play with her, because their fleece was snow white all over, from their pink noses right down to their little feet, while Honeylamb's was only white to the top of her four wee legs, which were covered in black woolly curls, and as she lay in the sun, the lonely little lamb wished that she could be like her cousins.

One day Honeylamb strayed into the woods, beyond the meadow, and wandered dreamily along the little

path, smelling the flowers that grew on each side, until she found herself in a tiny dell, where the grass was long and cool and wild violets and primroses grew all round the moss-covered roots of the tall leafy trees.

"What a very pretty spot," she thought, "and just the place for me to come and dream," and she was just about to lie down when a tiny voice said: "Look out, little lamb, don't sit on me."

Looking round, Honeylamb saw a quaint little figure, dressed in red, with a tall cap and long pointed shoes, carrying a large sack over his shoulder.

"Baa," she cried in surprise, "I'm so sorry, but I don't think I have seen you before."

"I am Wool Gatherer, the Elf," said the little man. "It is my job to collect all the pieces of wool and fur that you animals leave behind in hedges and on the fences, and line all the birds' nests with it, but," he added sadly, "it is very hard work and, so far, I have been able to find only very little," and a big tear appeared in his eye and splashed upon a blade of grass.

"Well," bleated Honeylamb, "my coat is very woolly, perhaps you would care to take some, I really shan't miss it."

The little elf was very grateful, and, taking a large pair of scissors from his tunic he soon began snipping off enough wool to fill his sack.

"Thank you, kind lamb," he said, when he had

"I AM WOOL GATHERER, THE ELF," SAID THE LITTLE MAN

finished, and then doffing his cap he bowed low and skipped behind a tree before you could blink an eyelid.

Honeylamb lingered such a long time in the dell that it had begun to get dark before she had started her journey home and try as she did, she could not find her way out of the wood, for each time the path led her back to the dell. At last a very tired little lamb curled up among the wild flowers under a tree, and shivered with the cold, for the elf had taken most of her nice warm wool.

Suddenly a little bird flew down and perched on a branch above her head and sang softly;

"Chirrup-ee Chirrup-ee, Cheep, cheep cheep,
Little lamb go off to sleep,

Close your eyes and nod your head,
And we will tuck you up in bed."

Honeylamb lay listening to the lullaby, and very soon fell asleep, and as she slept, the birds began to fly down from the trees with leaves and pieces of straw in their beaks, which they dropped on the little sleeper.

In the morning, Honeylamb awoke to find herself in a warm, cosy bed, with the sun streaming through the trees into the dell, while overhead the little bird began to sing.

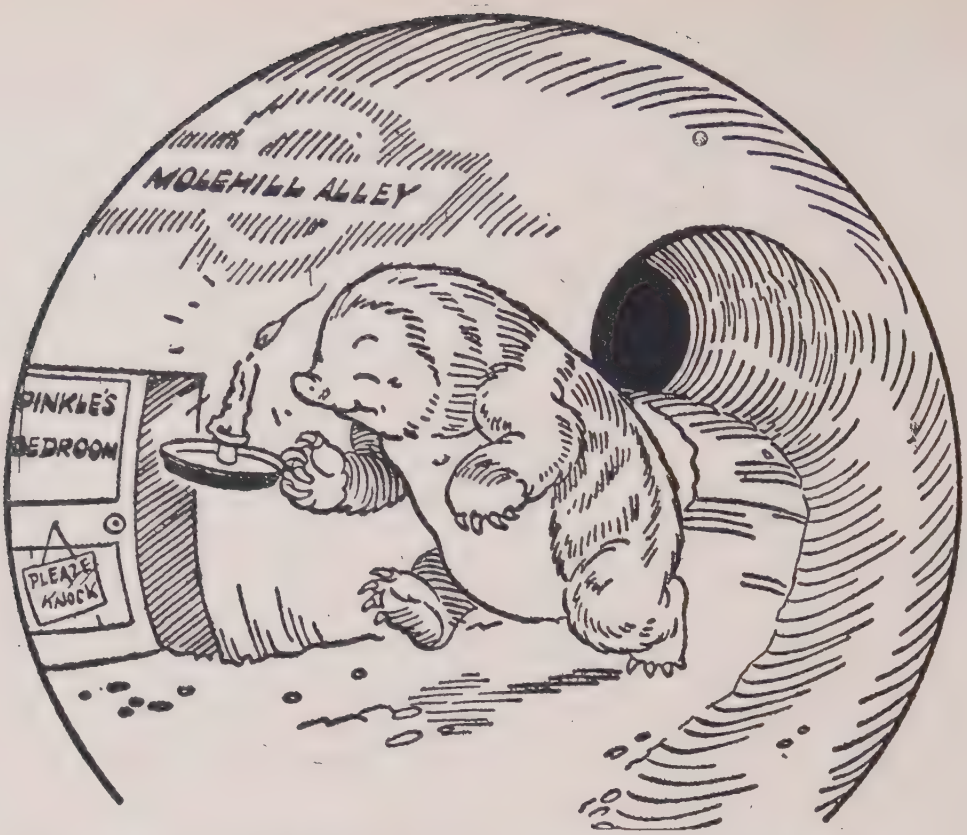
"Chirrup-ee Chirrup-ee, Cheep, Cheep, Chee,
Wake up now, and follow me."

And skipping out of her cosy bed, she followed the little bird, as he hopped along ahead, down the narrow primrose path until she came to the edge of the wood and saw the meadow.

There, in the sunlight, Honeylamb saw that her woolly coat had grown again, not white and black, as it had been before, but pure white curls from head to foot.

How delighted she was and with a grateful "Baa," of thanks, she hurried down the meadow to join the other lambs, who had just come up from the farm to play.

How they envied their little cousin when she told them the story and how they admired her beautiful new white fleece, and from that moment, there was no prouder or happier lamb in the fold, than Honeylamb.



THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK VELVET

Pinkle the mole is a droll wee soul,
  He learns to dig at birth,
With his snubby nose, and little short toes
  He tunnels through the earth.

His daily toil is in the soil,
  He works with might and main,
He feeds on slugs and other grubs,
  And doesn't mind the rain.

He makes his home beneath the loam,
And lines it all with straw,
A cosy bed to lay his head,
A place for food to store.

Now should you spy, as you pass by,
Fresh mounds of earth around,
Don't tell a soul—it's Pinkle Mole,
He's gone by underground.

THE DOLLS' TEA-PARTY

"DEAR me!" said Miss Susanna, the big doll with chestnut curls. "Mistress thinks nothing of going off and leaving us all on our own!"

"No," said little Betty, the tiniest doll; "she is always going off to tea-parties. Why shouldn't we have a tea-party, too?"

Miss Susanna stared scornfully at Betty.

"I don't know that anybody asked you about it, Miss," she said; "but there is certainly something in what you say. We will have a tea-party!"

"Hooray!" cried all the dolls and the Teddy Bear.

"Come!" said Miss Susanna, giving her orders in a grand way. "Get out the tea things. Mistress keeps them in the toy cupboard. The cover from the baby doll's

cot will do for a tablecloth. We'll have to pretend there are cakes and things to eat, but that won't matter."

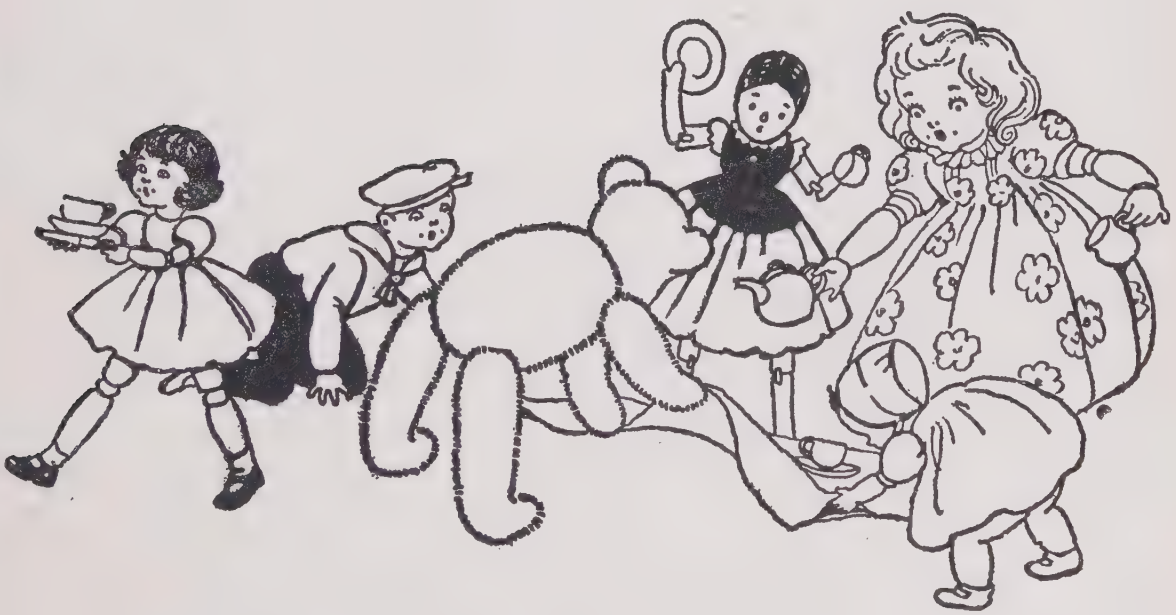
The dolls rushed about, getting the tea-party ready. Even the baby doll managed to help without breaking anything. When the table was set, Miss Susanna sat at the head of it. Then she poured out the tea that wasn't there.

"Will you pass the bread-and-butter, please?" asked Betty, with a giggle.

"I'd like some jam with mine," said Teddy Bear, who loved sweet things.

"Oh, these cakes are lovely," said the Dutch Doll. "I've never tasted anything like them."

"I prefer these salmon sandwiches," said the sailor boy.



"Because they are fishy, I suppose," giggled the little doll Betty.

The fun was at its height when suddenly the toys heard their mistress's voice outside the nursery door.

What confusion there was! Everybody seemed to be in everybody's way, trying to put the tea things back in the toy-cupboard. In the midst of it in walked Mistress.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "I don't remember leaving all these things out like this!"

She hurriedly picked up all the tea things and the cover off the baby doll's cot.

"What are you doing out of bed at this time of night?" she said to the baby doll, who had not been able to climb back into bed. Then she looked round at her dolls. They all had very guilty looks, and suddenly she

burst out laughing. "Why," she cried, "I do believe you've been having a tea-party while I've been out!"

She ran down the stairs to tell her mother about it.

"Well," said her mother, "you can't blame them if you leave them on their own so often. They want fun as well as you do, you know."

"Yes, I suppose they do," replied Mistress. "I hadn't thought of that, and I want them to be happy."

"Well," said Miss Susanna to the other dolls, "It was a very near thing! We must be more careful next time. But it was fun, wasn't it?"

All the dolls agreed heartily, and said they would have a tea-party every time Mistress went out.

But after that first party, Mistress played with them much more often, and they were quite content.

PAINT OR CRAYON THIS PICTURE

HOW DIZZY GOT HIS NAME

MRS. DUCK looked at the egg anxiously, for at long last it had begun to crack. The others had hatched out long ago, and she was now the proud mother of five fluffy ducklings.

Soon pieces of shell began to fall from the egg, and then with a final CRACK, out popped the sixth baby duckling.

"Hullo, my dear," quacked Mrs. Duck, joyfully. "You have been a long time arriving," but the little fellow's only answer was to nestle up under his mother's wing.

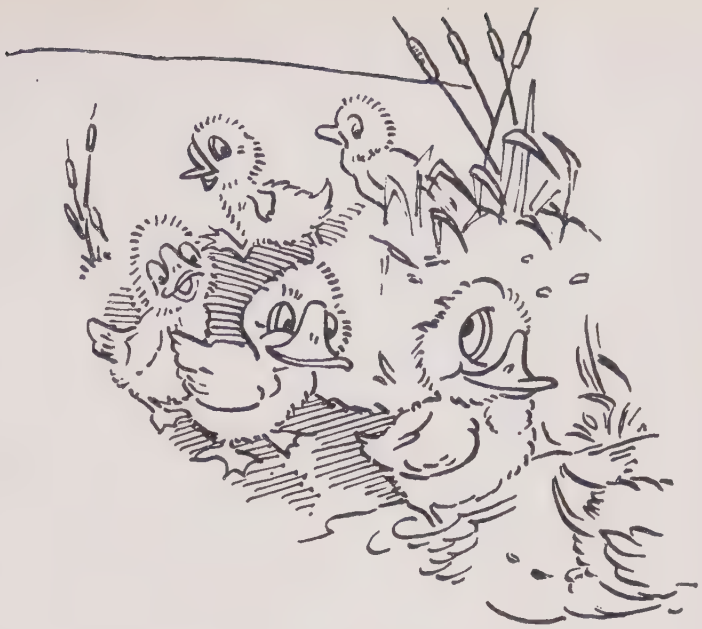
Soon, the youngest baby was able to leave his mother's side, and then came the problem of finding him a name; but although she thought and thought, and even got the other five ducklings to think, no suitable name could be found for him; but as there was far too much to be done

to worry about it, the sixth duckling had, for the time being, to do without one, for Mrs. Duck had to feed them all, bath them, and teach them how to do things for themselves, besides spring clean the nest and take the other five babies for their daily outing on the pond.

Then came the time for the sixth duckling to learn to swim, and his brothers and sisters, who were quite expert at it by now, were given the task of teaching him, while Mrs. Duck got on with the housework.

So down to the pond they went, all in a line, with Duffy, the eldest, leading; slowly and carefully, to show their baby brother how it was done, they paddled into the water, one by one, gave a little push with their webbed feet and floated gracefully away, all except the little baby, for he put one foot in the shiny stuff, tasted it, frowned at it, but would not go another step further.

When the others swam back and saw him standing there, they all quacked at him: "Come along, just paddle in and let yourself go, it's quite easy." So he took another step forward, which brought the water up to his little chest,



and keeping one foot on the bottom, he lifted the other and began to push the water back with it, but instead of floating off like the others had, he started to go round in circles, slowly at first, then faster, like a spinning top.

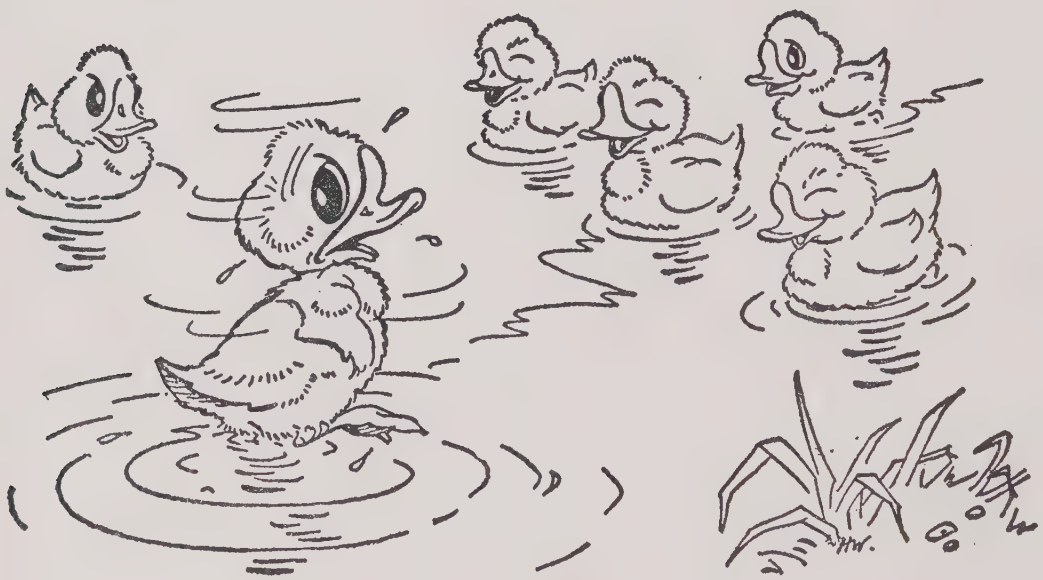
How the others laughed at his antics, but soon they saw that he was getting frantic, so Duffy swam round the back of him and gave him a little push, which made him take his other foot off the bottom, and sent him floating away into deeper water.

"Just look at him now," they all quacked with

laughter, "he really is a dizzy duckling," for the little fellow was so giddy that he was zig-zagging all over the pond.

Of course they named him Dizzy after that, and when he had settled down to swimming properly with his brothers and sisters, they all waded out and waddled home.

How Mrs. Duck laughed when they told her the story, and, after giving them all a special tit-bit for tea, she agreed that "Dizzy" was just the very name for her youngest son . . . Dizzy did not mind a bit, but in future, whenever he went swimming on the pond, he always took good care to take both feet off the bottom.



FOLLOW MY LEADER

When Boofles saw his shadow
Upon the farm-yard wall,
He did not know quite what to do,
  Or what it was at all.

He really could not understand
  Just why it had no scent,
He only knew it followed him
  Everywhere he went.

He chased it up and down and round,
  And all along the wall,
But when he thought he'd caught it up
  It wasn't there at all.

He jumped on it, and snapped at it,
He tried to run away,
But when he stopped and turned around,
Behind him still it lay.

He hid behind his kennel,
It followed him quite close.
And when he tried to bite at it,
He banged his little nose.

He rolled on it, and sat on it,
He played with it all day,
Until he crept into his bed
And then it went away.

TOMMY TREACLE

EVERYBODY called him Tommy Treacle because he could not keep his fingers out of the treacle jar. He would have treacle for breakfast, dinner and tea, and even supper.

One evening Mother had to leave him in bed while she went to visit a neighbour in the village.

"I know he is safely tucked-up in bed and fast asleep," she said to herself before she left the house.

But there was a new jar of treacle in the larder, and Tommy had only been pretending to be asleep. As soon as Mother had left the cottage he was out of bed like a shot—for he knew all about that large new jar of treacle. Down to the larder he ran, and there, on the shelf, was the biggest jar of treacle he had ever seen. He climbed upon a chair, and managed to lift down the heavy jar. In taking off the lid, he spilled the treacle in a sticky stream all over the shelf. He found a large spoon, and made his way upstairs again with

the treacle jar, leaving a sticky trail behind him all the way.

Jumping into bed, he set to work on the treacle and—umm-m—it was delicious.

Very soon the jar was half empty, and Tommy began to feel full. "I'll lie down now," he thought. "That was a grand feast!"

He curled himself up and shut his eyes tightly. But all of a sudden he knew that something wet and sticky was creeping all over him. He guessed at once! TREACLE! The jar was upset, and Tommy was lying in a pool of treacle. There was treacle in his ears, in his hair, down his neck. Treacle was everywhere. Even the bedclothes were soaked in it.

Tommy tried to call out to his mother, but he found out that even his lips were almost stuck together with the treacle and that he couldn't say a word. There was nothing for him to do but wait for somebody to come into his bedroom.

It was at that moment that Tommy's mother came back to the house after her visit to a neighbour.

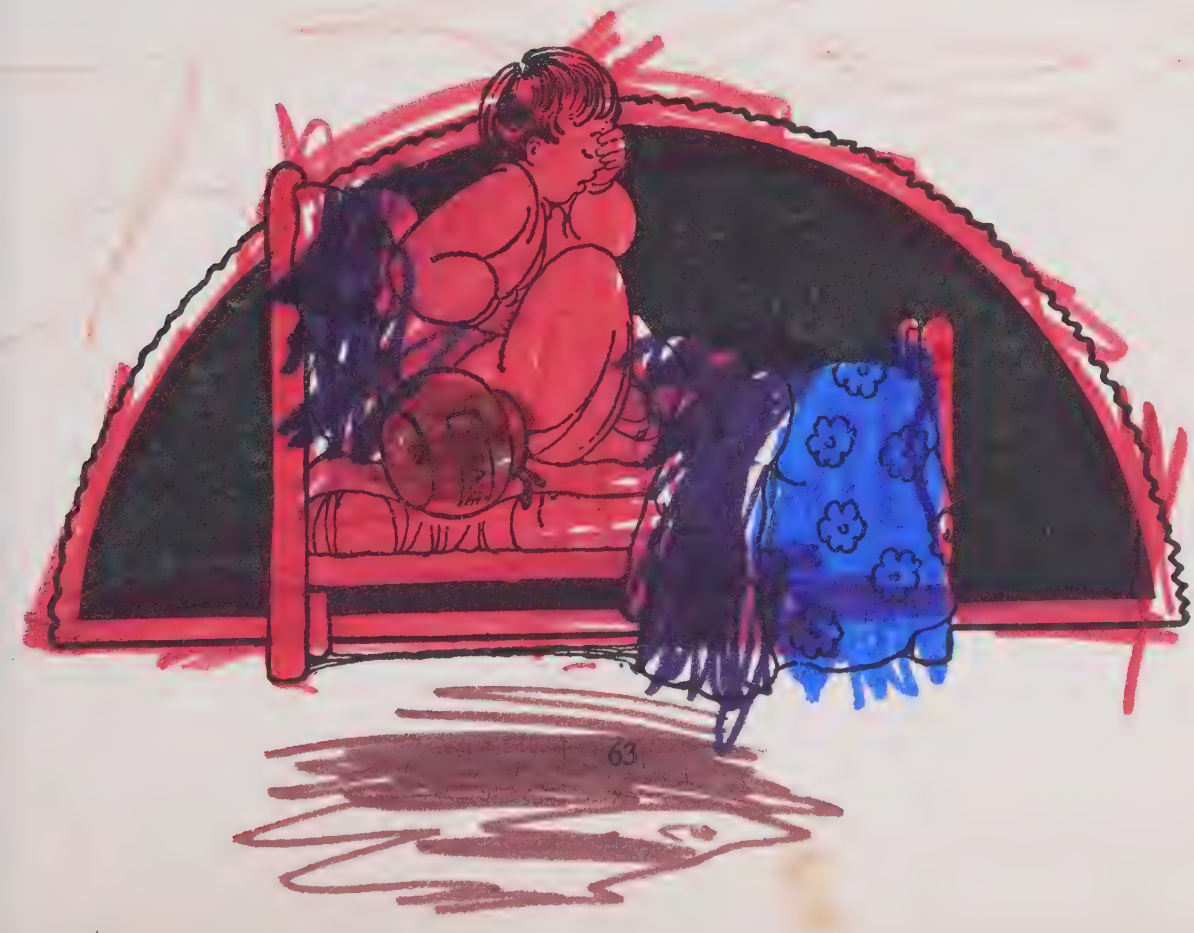
"Goodness, what has been going on?" she asked as she saw the sticky trail of treacle across the floor.

She followed the trail along until it reached the pantry. There she saw that one of the treacle jars was missing. She followed the sticky trail again. It ran from the pantry, across the hall, up the stairs, straight under the door of Tommy's bedroom.

"Ah!" exclaimed his mother.

She guessed at once what had happened.

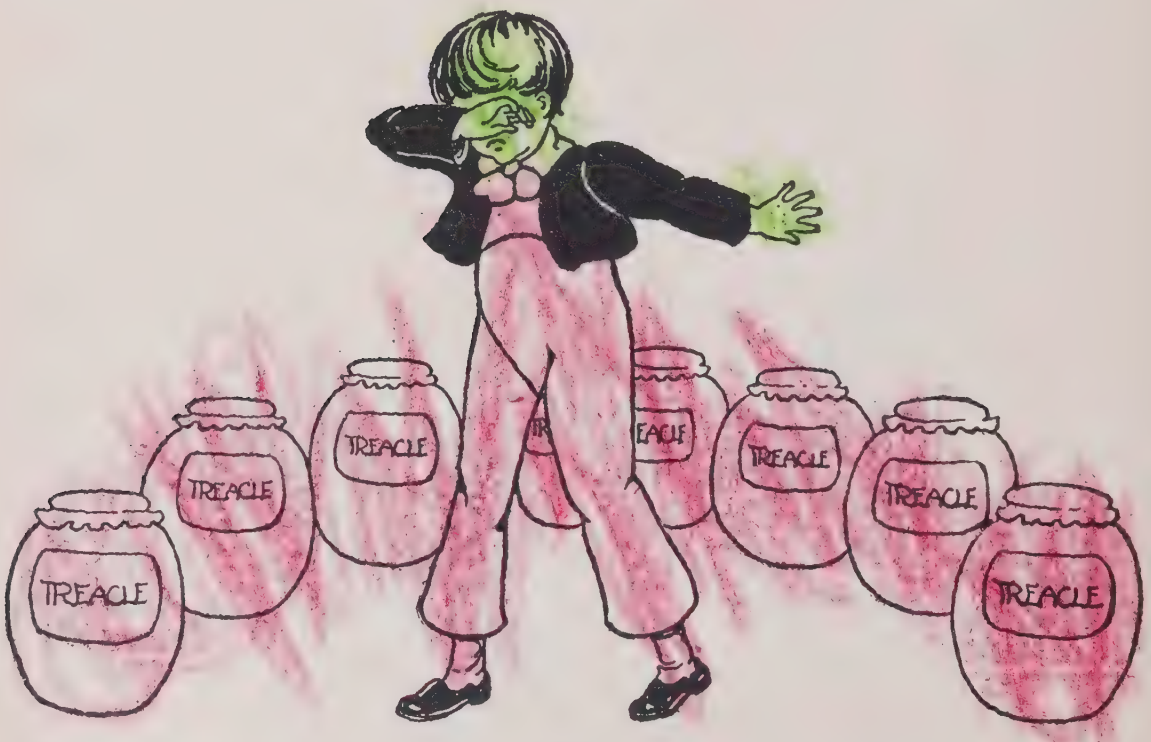
"Naughty Tommy has been eating treacle in bed, I know," she said as she opened his bedroom door. "I shall speak severely——"

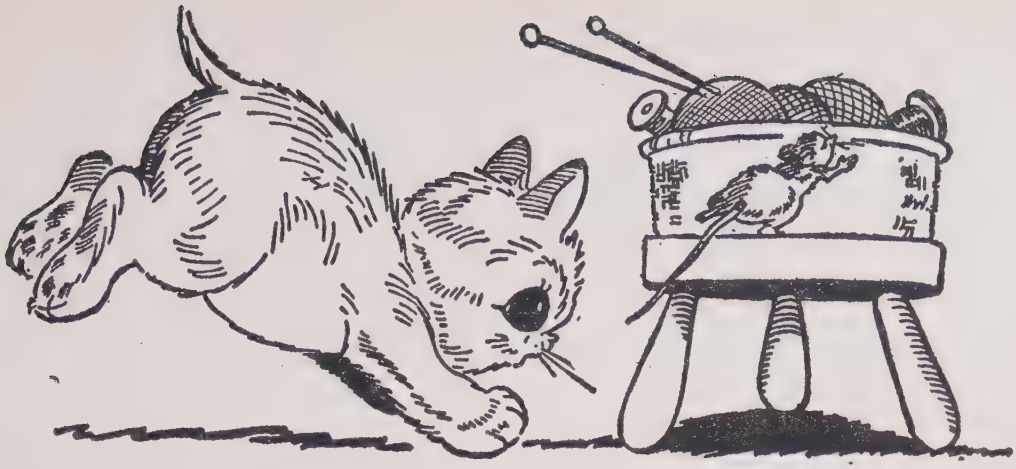


She could not finish her sentence, for she saw Tommy lying in his bed, covered in treacle. The sorry sight took her breath away.

She hauled him out of bed at once, and took him straight to the bath, where he was scrubbed thoroughly. His bedclothes were taken to the wash-tub and left there to soak, and he had to go back to a cold bed.

After that, Tommy would turn quite pale at the very mention of treacle, and if there had been fifty big jars of it in the larder he would not have touched a single one of them.





THIMBLE AND SNUFFLEWHISKERS

SNUFFLEWHISKERS came out of his hole in the floor and was half-way across the room before Thimble saw him, and then she sprang after him . . . But the little mouse had reached the three-legged stool and scrambled up into the knitting basket on the top, before Thimble could catch him, and there he crouched, among the cotton reels and wool, well out of the kitten's reach as she stretched her neck over the stool to get a glimpse of him.

"Mee-ow," cried Thimble angrily, "just you try and escape, Master Artful Snufflewhiskers," and she crouched down on the floor between the stool and Snufflewhiskers's hole, ready to pounce on him when he made a dash for freedom.

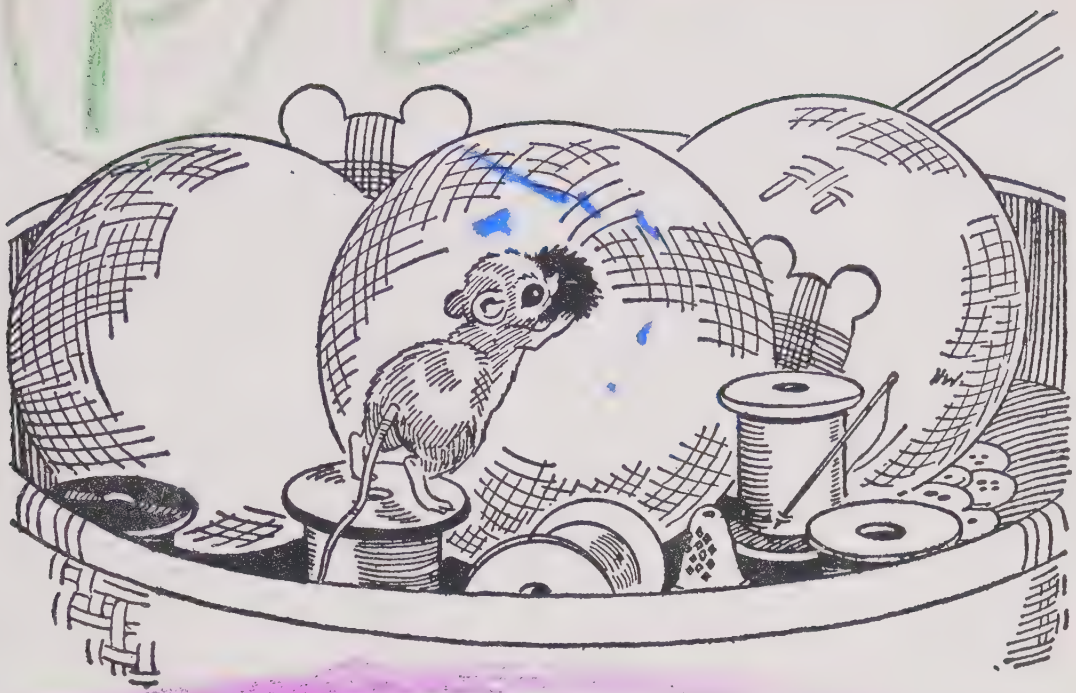
In the knitting basket, Snufflewhiskers shivered at the thought of Thimble's sharp teeth and claws and knew

that he would need all his cunning to escape from his prison and get back safely to the cosy home beneath the floorboards.

All around him were cotton reels, darning wool, packets of needles, and three large balls of knitting wool, and it was while he looked at these that he suddenly got one of his brainwaves.

Soon he was nibbling away at the nearest ball of wool, quickly and quietly he worked, until he had a hole in the middle, big enough to hide in, then little by little, he pushed the ball closer to the rim of the basket until it was perched on the very edge, then he crawled gently through the hole into the middle of the wool and gave a last push with his tail.

Thimble, who had been watching the movement in the basket, waited eagerly, ready



to spring as soon as Snufflewhiskers showed himself, but the little mouse didn't even show a whisker . . . Imagine the kitten's surprise when a ball of wool suddenly rolled off the basket, dropped onto the floor and ran towards her . . . she pounced on it at once, of course, just to make sure the mouse was not hiding behind it . . . but there was no sign of Snufflewhiskers.

What was he up to, she wondered. "That crafty creature is capable of anything," she said to herself, "perhaps he thinks I will play with this ball of wool, so that he can escape from the basket while I am not looking, but instead, I am just going to sit here and wait for

him, so there!" and as she crouched down again, with her eyes fixed on the basket, she gave the ball of wool a tap with her paw that sent it rolling behind her, until it came to rest a few inches away from the hole in the floor, and then out crept Snufflewhiskers, right behind Thimble's back, and tiptoed to the edge of his front door.

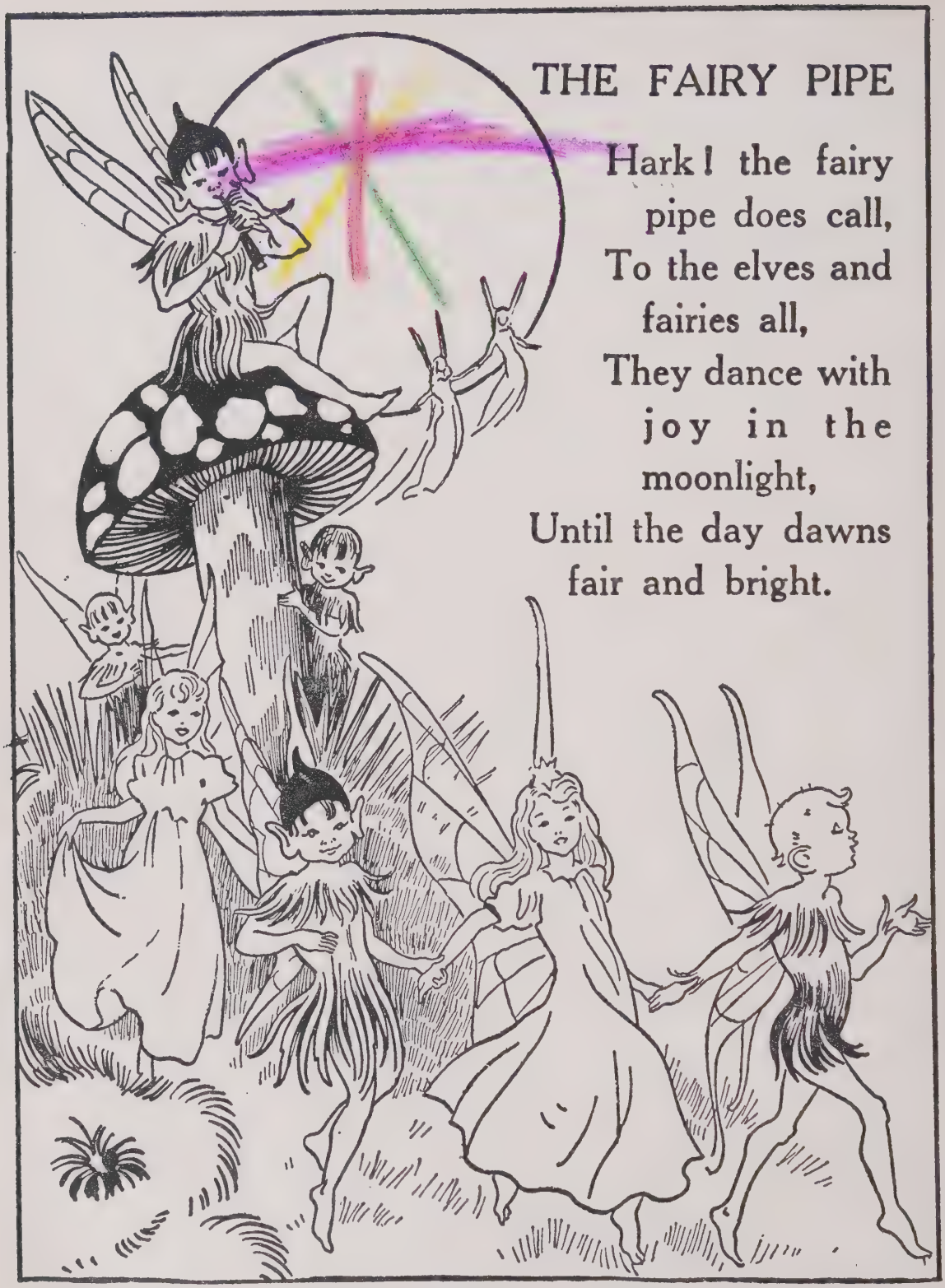
Thimble turned quickly when she heard a squeaky voice behind her say: "Thank you for the ride, Puss . . . better luck next time!"

The kitten's eyes opened wide with surprise and disbelief, to see Snufflewhiskers's head peeping out of his hole, grinning at her cheekily. "Mee-ow," she mewed in

amazement, "how did you get there, you crafty thing?" and as she said it she sprang at him, but the little mouse was out of sight long before she reached the hole . . . all she heard was his squeaky voice laughing at her, as he replied: "I was hiding in the ball of wool, Puss, right under your very nose."

Now, whenever Thimble plays with balls of knitting wool, she always unravels them to the very last thread, just in case Snufflewhiskers is hiding inside, but he never is.

As for the little mouse, he takes good care never to show himself when Thimble is about, for he knows, only too well, what would happen if she ever caught him, and shudders at the thought of those claws.



THE FAIRY PIPE

Hark! the fairy
pipe does call,
To the elves and
fairies all,
They dance with
joy in the
moonlight,
Until the day dawns
fair and bright.

PUFFITY'S GOOD DEED

PUFFITY the chick was the thirteenth to hatch out, but it would not be true to say that he was unlucky, for it was really curiosity that led him into so much mischief.

Everything seemed to happen to the little chick from the moment that he was born, for the first thing he did was to fall into a pail of oats, and was nearly eaten by Fala the foal, and then there was the time when he got himself mixed up with the ducklings on their way to the pond for a swimming lesson, and was saved from drowning just in time, by Mr. Drake himself.

Poor Mrs. Hen's feathers nearly turned grey with worrying about him, especially when, one day, he wandered into the farmhouse and fell down a mouse's

hole, right through the floor. . . . Everyone gave him up as lost, but the next morning he crawled out of a drain pipe by the kitchen window none the worse for his adventure.

Indeed he was such a naughty little thing that no one was allowed to play with him for fear of getting into trouble, and so Puffity had to get in and out of mischief all by himself.

One day Boofles the puppy was passing the milking shed when he saw Thimble the kitten with her paw in the neck of a milk bottle half full of milk.

"Now I wonder what that sly creature is up to," he said to himself. "I'll soon spoil her little game," and, barking with all his might, he dashed into the shed and chased the naughty little kitten away, but in the scuffle, he knocked the milk bottle over, which crashed and broke on the stone floor, and out of the wreckage came a wet, bedraggled little object, dripping with milk, and half dead with fright . . . It was Puffity.

Boofles was so sorry for the poor little chick, that he carried him back to his kennel, laid him gently in the straw and licked every drop of milk from his fluffy body.

Puffity soon got well after that, and thanked Boofles very much for saving him.

The very next day, poor Boofles came home limping after chasing a rabbit in the woods and as he lay in his kennel, licking his aching paw, sadly he told Puffity all

IT WAS PUFFITY.

about it, and held the sore pad out for the chick to see . . . when suddenly Puffity bent forward and pecked at it.

"WOW!" yelped the surprised pup, "be careful, you clumsy thing, you are hurting me."

"Don't be cross with me," chirped the little chick, "just look what I found in your paw," and there in his tiny beak was a large thorn.

Boofles was so delighted that he took Puffity for a ride on his back all round the farm-yard, and became so fond of the mischievous little fellow that he let him sleep in the kennel with him and even shared his food, and they very soon became the closest of friends.

RAINY-DAY FUN

We have such fun on a rainy day,
When it's much too wet to go out and play.
We've books and games and picture-cards,
And sometimes we dress up and have charades.
We play at hide-and-seek in the house
(Hiding away with less noise than a mouse).
We never mind when we see the rain,
For the sun will soon come out again.

HOPPY WAKES UP

IT was while he was on his way to the meadow to play that Bertie Bunny met Mrs. Hedgehog, under a hawthorn bush looking very forlorn.

"Good day, Ma'am," he said politely. "Is there anything wrong?"

A tear dropped from Mrs. Hedgehog's eye, as she replied: "Oh! Bertie, an awful thing has happened. I have lost Hoppy, my youngest, he has been out since sunrise this morning and I cannot find him anywhere. Dinner has been waiting for him for ages . . . what ever can have happened to him?"

Bertie looked at her thoughtfully, and said: "Now don't you worry, Mrs. Hedgehog, I will seek him for you. I think I know where he might be found."

Mrs. Hedgehog cheered up a lot at that, and drying her eyes she thanked Bertie very much and made her way home.

Bertie went on up the slope to the meadow, and there right on top of the hill, he found Hoppy, fast asleep and curled up in a tight little ball, in his favourite spot at the foot of a big oak tree.

Try as he might, Bertie could not wake up the little sleeper, indeed he made his paws sore with prodding Hoppy's prickly coat . . . but he did not even stir.

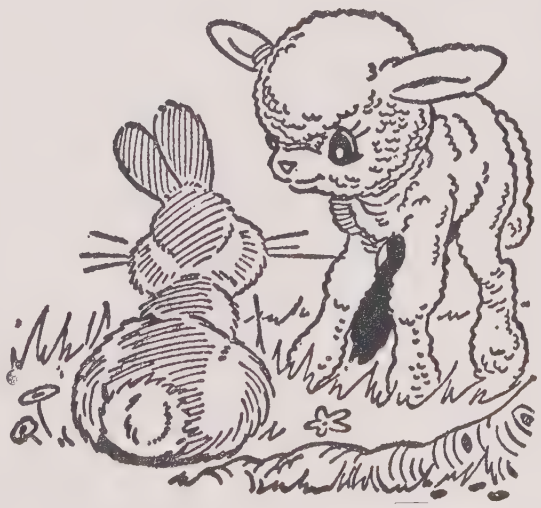
"Now how am I going to get him home?" said Bertie in despair, and sat down in the grass to think it over.

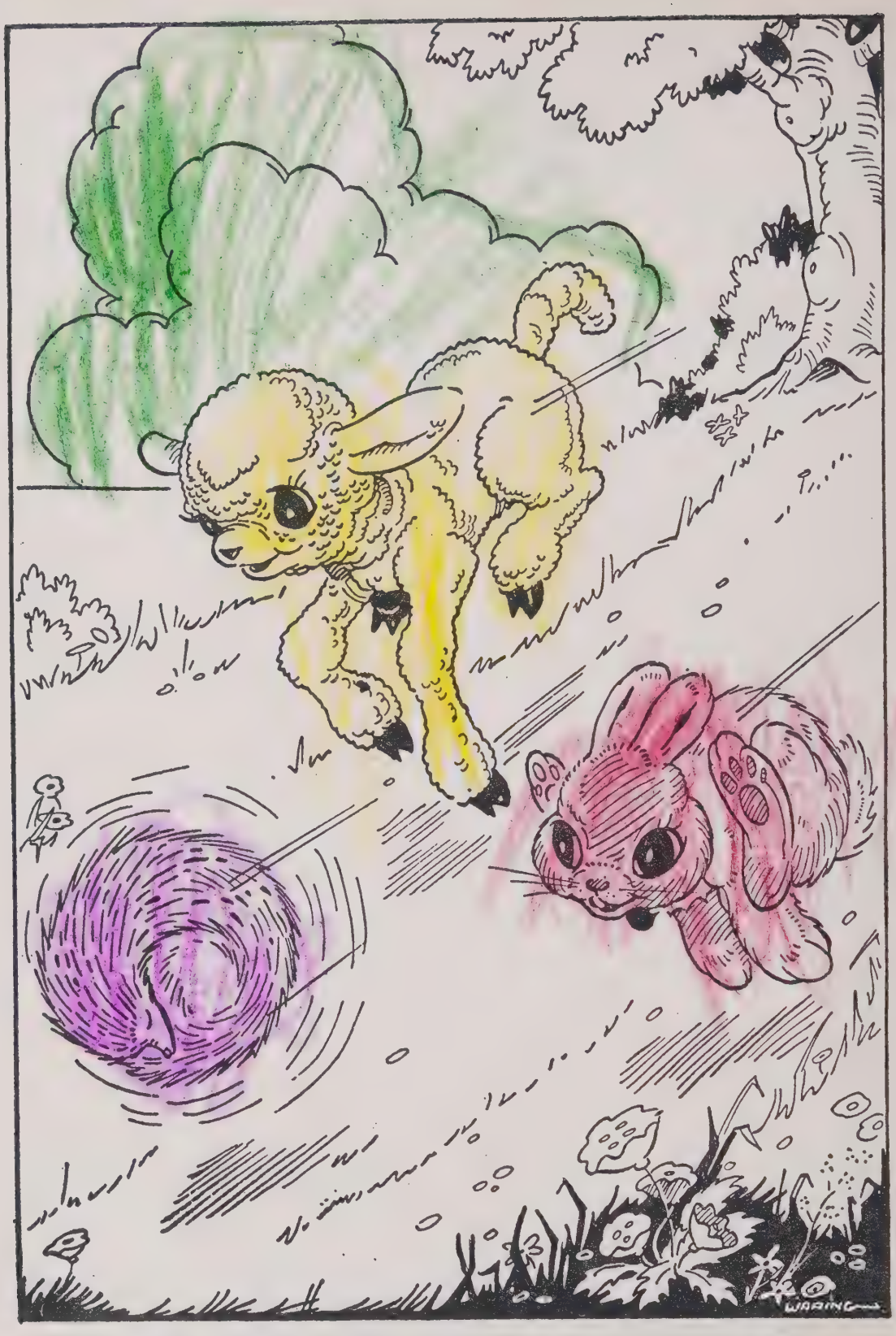
At that moment Honeylamb came wandering into the shade, nibbling at the fresh, moist grass that grew beneath the trees, when she saw the little rabbit's two ears sticking up out of the grass.

"Hallo," she bleated, "what are you doing here this fine day?"

Bertie looked up with a start for he had not heard her approach.

"Why," he cried, "it's Honeylamb. I am pleased to see you, especially as I am in such a fix," and he told her all about Hoppy. "I just can't get him to wake up," he said, "and if I don't get him home soon, Mrs. Hedgehog will be frantic

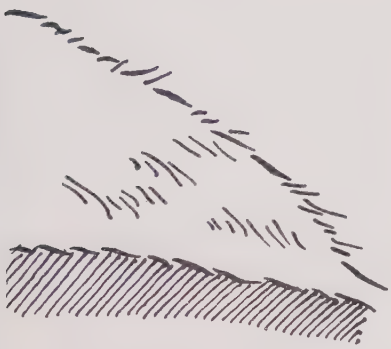




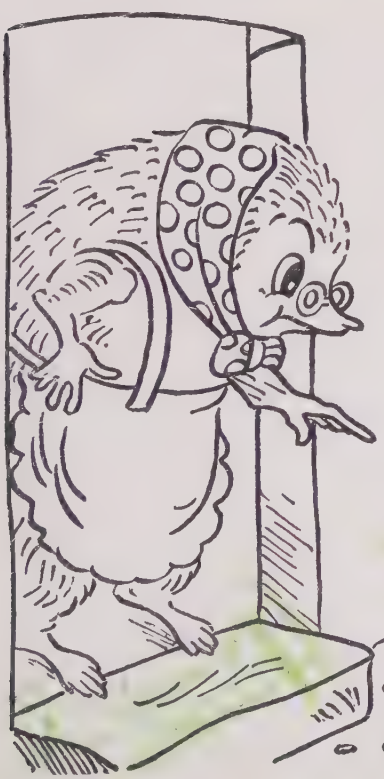
DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS THE POND THEY WENT

. . . . I thought of rolling him home, but his coat is so prickly that my paws get sore when I touch him."

Honeylamb looked down at her little hoofs, "It wouldn't hurt my feet," she said, "let me try," and standing with her back to the little hedgehog she gave him a push with her hind leg.



Head over heels went Hoppy, just like a spiky tennis ball and began to roll slowly through the grass and down the slope, while Bertie danced with joy. Faster and faster he rolled, with Honeylamb and the little rabbit skipping along beside him, until he began to go so fast that they could hardly keep up with him. As they were getting near to the bottom of the hill, Bertie suddenly cried in dismay: "Stop him, he is heading straight for the pond."



But before they could do anything, Hoppy bounced into the air, and went sailing into the water with a mighty splash.

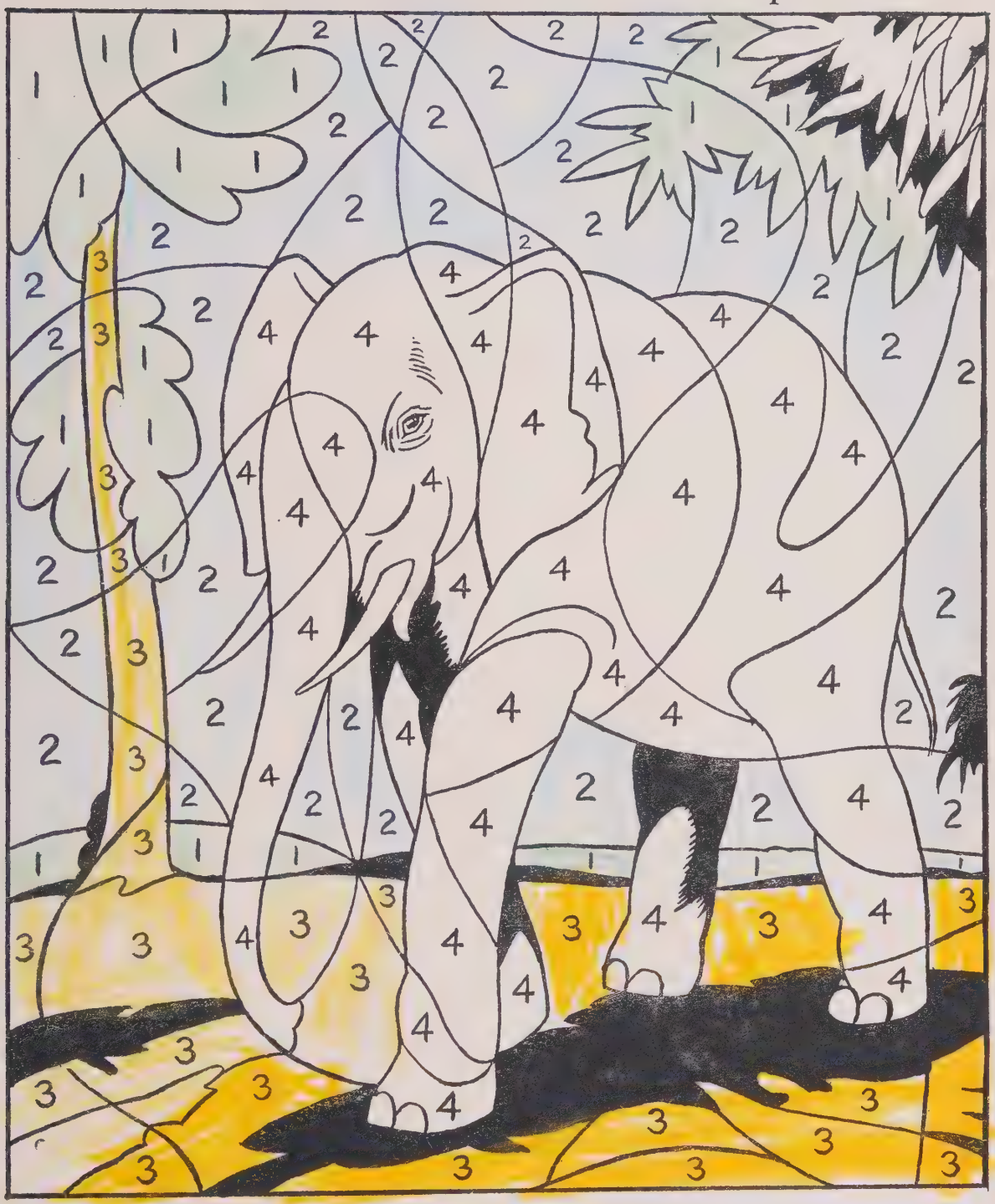
What a commotion there was, for the sudden shock of the water woke the little fellow up with a start.

Paddling away furiously, he managed to reach the bank and crawl out dripping with water and quite red in the face . . . he looked so funny that the two pets were soon helpless with laughter, but Hoppy did not see the joke.

It was a grateful Mrs. Hedgehog who took charge of her wet and bedraggled son, as they reached the Hedgehog home.

A PAINTING PUZZLE

Paint the colours in the different spaces



GREEN 1 BLUE 2 YELLOW 3 GREY 4

F—FBSB

THE MAGIC GARDEN

SUSAN was staying in the country with her grandmother, and every day when she went for a walk she passed a long, high wall, but could never quite find out what was on the other side of it. She was very curious by nature, and she tried all ways to climb the wall. One day, to her surprise, she noticed a tiny door in it. How she had missed the door before she could not imagine. But now that she had found it she pushed it open.

Stepping through, she looked around with delight, for on the other side was the most beautiful garden she had ever seen. She wandered along a path between tall flowers, but as she walked on she noticed that most of the flowers were drooping. Their lovely heads were hanging down sadly.

"Hullo!" came a little voice. It was a fairy speaking. "Now you are here you can help me, for I am nearly worn out. I am Daisy, and this is the Garden of Flowers. All the Flower Fairies

live here, and it is our job to tend to our own special flowers. But all the fairies are arguing as to who shall be Queen, and, meanwhile, the flowers are dying for want of water."

Susan noticed a beautiful stream nearby. On its bank several large shells were lying. Daisy gave one to her.

"Fill this shell with water from the stream," she said. "Then to every flower in the garden give one drop. There is a lot to be done, so we must hurry."

They worked hard for a long time, until at last they reached the centre of the garden, and there Susan stopped, spellbound. The loveliest sight met her eyes. All the Flower Fairies were in their beautiful dresses. Two of the fairies were especially lovely. They were the Rose and the Lily, and, as Susan watched, it became clear to

her that these two both wanted to be Queen. Each was surrounded by a group of fairies who were chatting excitedly, for all the fairies had taken sides, and were arguing as to which had the most right to be Queen. Their little silvery voices were getting shriller and shriller.

"I think you are all very horrid," cried Susan. "It is wrong to quarrel about who shall be Queen when all the poor flowers are being left to go thirsty. If it hadn't been for Daisy they would have died. She, more than any of you, has earned the right to be Queen."

As Susan spoke the Flower Fairies hung their heads, for they felt very ashamed of themselves, and knew that what she had said was true. Then the Rose Fairy stepped forward.

"It has been left to a little mortal child," she said, "to teach us our duty. We have been very wrong, but we will make up for it by making Daisy our Queen."

When she had spoken she led Daisy to a beautiful golden throne, and on her

head she placed the crown. All the fairies cheered her as their new Queen.

Queen Daisy then called Susan to her, and kissed her.

"Without you," she said, "I could not have finished my task. As a reward I will grant you whatever you may wish."

"I just wish to go home now," replied Susan, and suddenly she found herself in her own little room again.

She put the fairy shell carefully away in a drawer because she would want it when she went to the Garden of Flowers again.

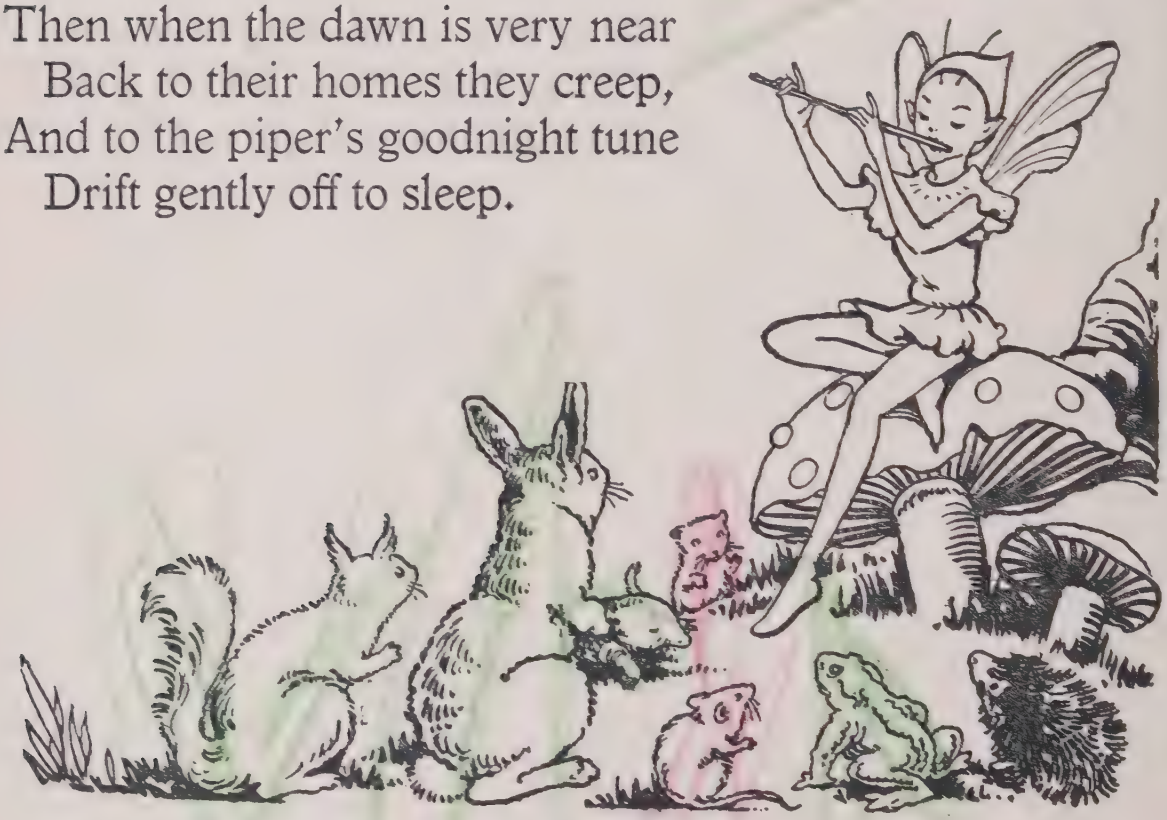
But although she searched and searched for the little door in the wall she never found it again.

THE ELFIN PIPER

Have you heard the elfin piper
A-piping to the moon?
He sits upon a toadstool
And plays a lilting tune.

The little woodland creatures
Come out and sit around
As the piper plays his melody
Of moon-enchanted sound.

Then when the dawn is very near
Back to their homes they creep,
And to the piper's goodnight tune
Drift gently off to sleep.



BELINDA'S NEW HAT

THERE was great excitement among the children in the village.

A garden-party was to be held at the Hall. The little girls, especially, looked forward to the party, for a prize was to be given for the prettiest hat trimmed by a girl.

Now, Belinda was rather greedy, and she longed to win that prize. It was sure to be a big box of chocolates, she thought, or an iced cake, or something else good to eat.

"I must win it!" said Belinda to herself. "Nobody else must have it." She listened carefully to the other children's plans for trimming their hats, and then she had an idea. "Well now," she thought, "if I put a bit of everything on my hat it will be quite certain to win first prize."

She searched about until she found several bunches of flowers and pieces of ribbon off other old hats; then she set to work.

On the front she put a large rose, and all round the crown bunches of daisies,

cowslips, and forget-me-nots, with bows of ribbon wherever a space could be found. Right on top, because there wasn't any room anywhere else, she stood a bunch of cornflowers. They stuck straight up in the air, and Belinda thought that they looked lovely.

Now that the hat was ready, Belinda was afraid that one of the other girls might see it and try to copy it.

"I mustn't let anyone see it before the time," said Belinda to herself—"not even Mother. I know—I'll hide it in the woodshed."

So very secretly she hid the hat away.

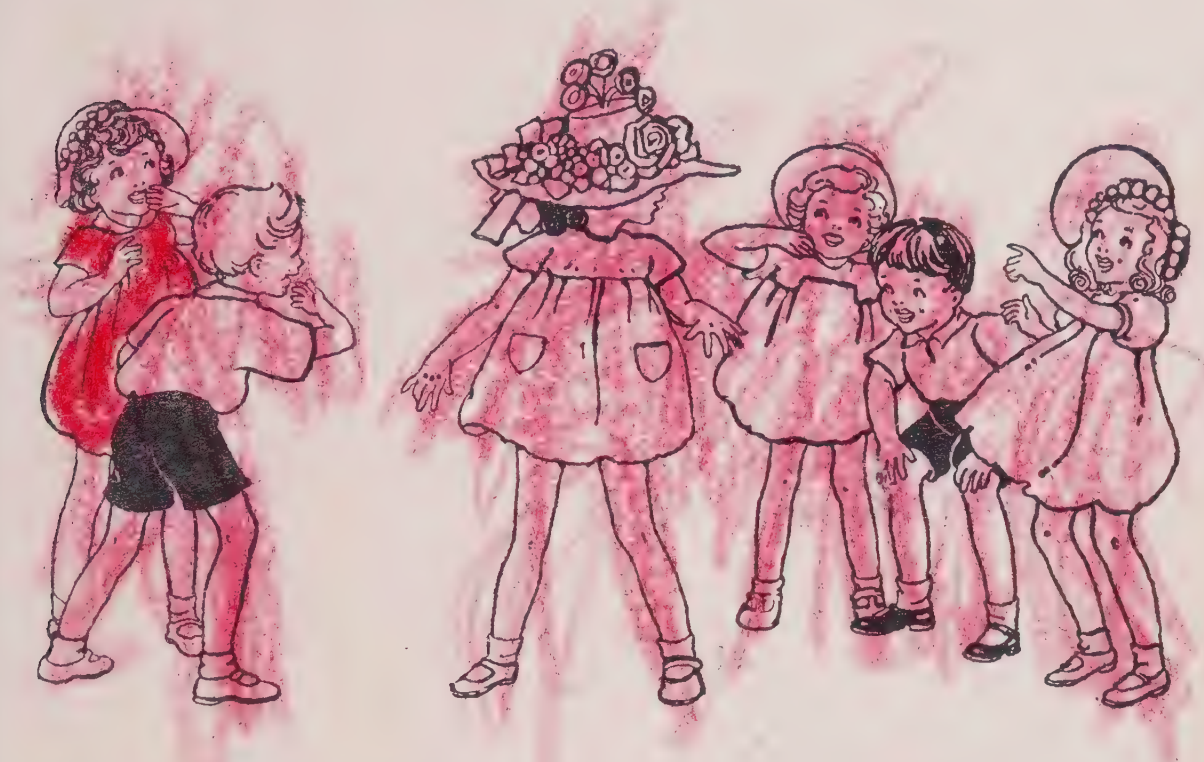
When the day of the garden-party came, she took the hat from its hiding-place and hurried away. She found walking rather hard, because the hat was so big that it fell down over her eyes.

As soon as she reached the Hall, where the party was to be held, everybody stared; then a great shout of laughter went up. Belinda pushed the big hat up to see what was amusing everyone—and she realised that all the folks were laughing at *her*.

"Oh, what a funny hat!"

"Wherever did you find it, Belinda?" they cried.

Poor Belinda didn't know what to say. She was very angry, and went off by herself and sulked. But when the



time came for the hats to be judged, she stepped proudly forward with the other girls, feeling quite sure her hat would win the prize. But it didn't! The prize was given to a girl who had trimmed a simple straw bonnet with daisies.

But the judge said that a special prize would be given to the girl with the funniest hat and handed Belinda a watering-can! "I give you this," he said, "because the flowers in your hat are drooping and need water."

Belinda had learned her lesson, and set off home.

"Belinda!" came a voice, and running towards her was the little girl with the prize box of chocolates in her hand. "I wonder if we could change prizes!"

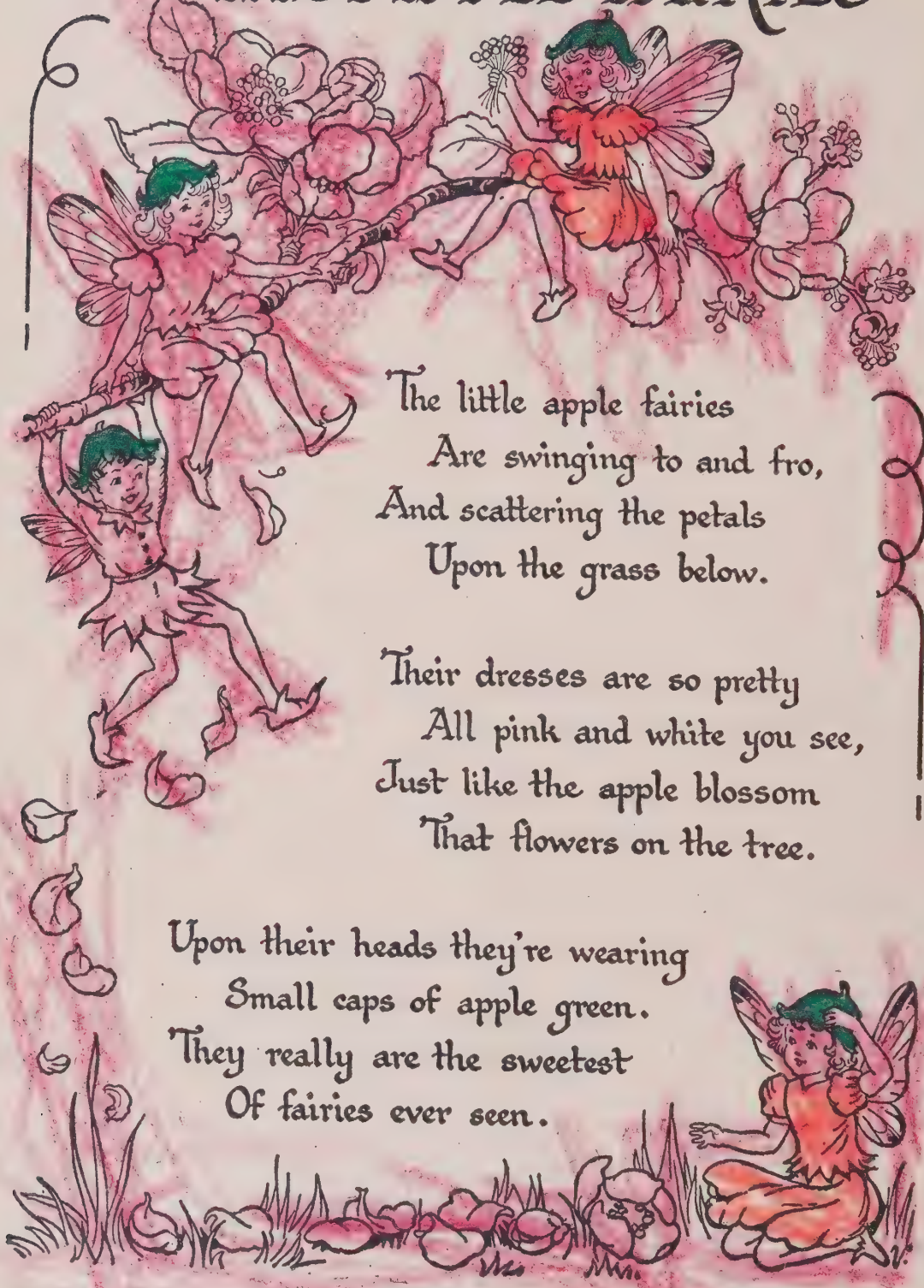
"You mean you want this watering-can in exchange for your box of chocolates?" asked Belinda in surprise.

"Yes," said the girl. "You know I live in a flower-shop. A watering-can would be of much more use to me than these chocolates."

They changed prizes and Belinda went happily home, having won her box of chocolates, after all, and having learned a lesson at the same time. But before she went she remembered to give the little girl some of her chocolates.

A PICTURE TO PAINT

The Apple Fairies



The little apple fairies
Are swinging to and fro,
And scattering the petals
Upon the grass below.

Their dresses are so pretty
All pink and white you see,
Just like the apple blossom
That flowers on the tree.

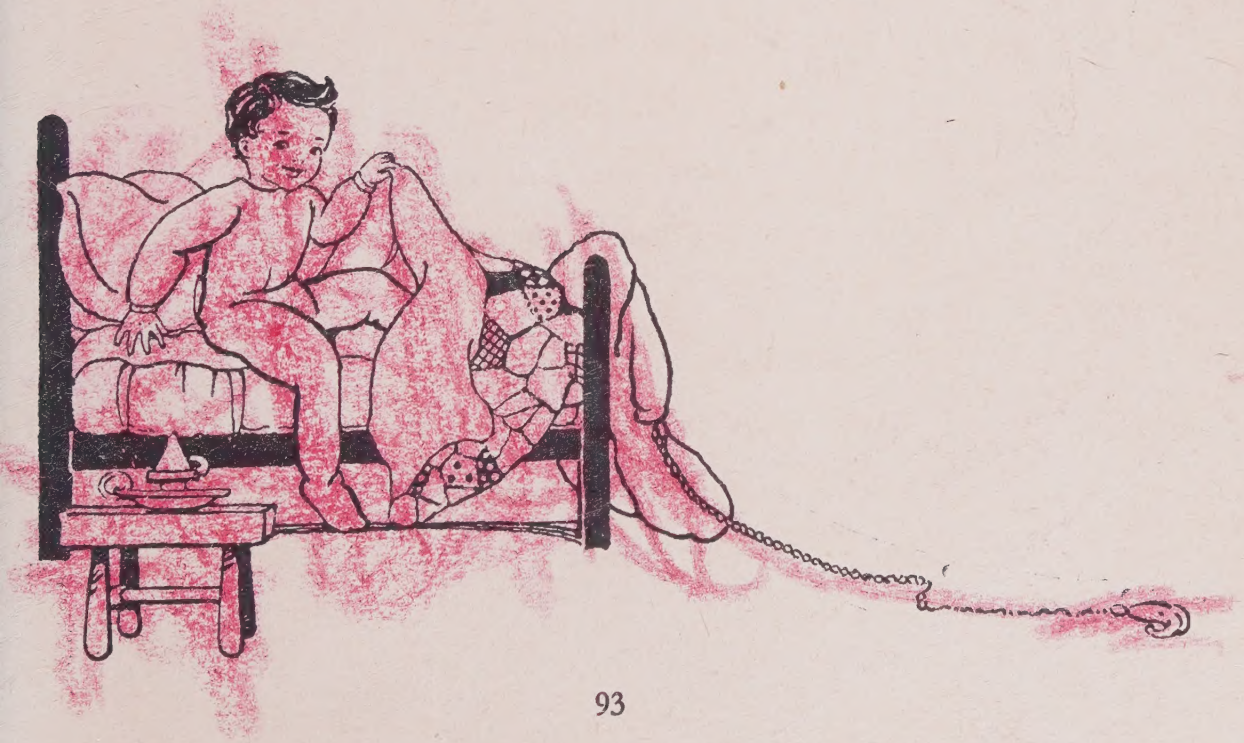
Upon their heads they're wearing
Small caps of apple green.
They really are the sweetest
Of fairies ever seen.

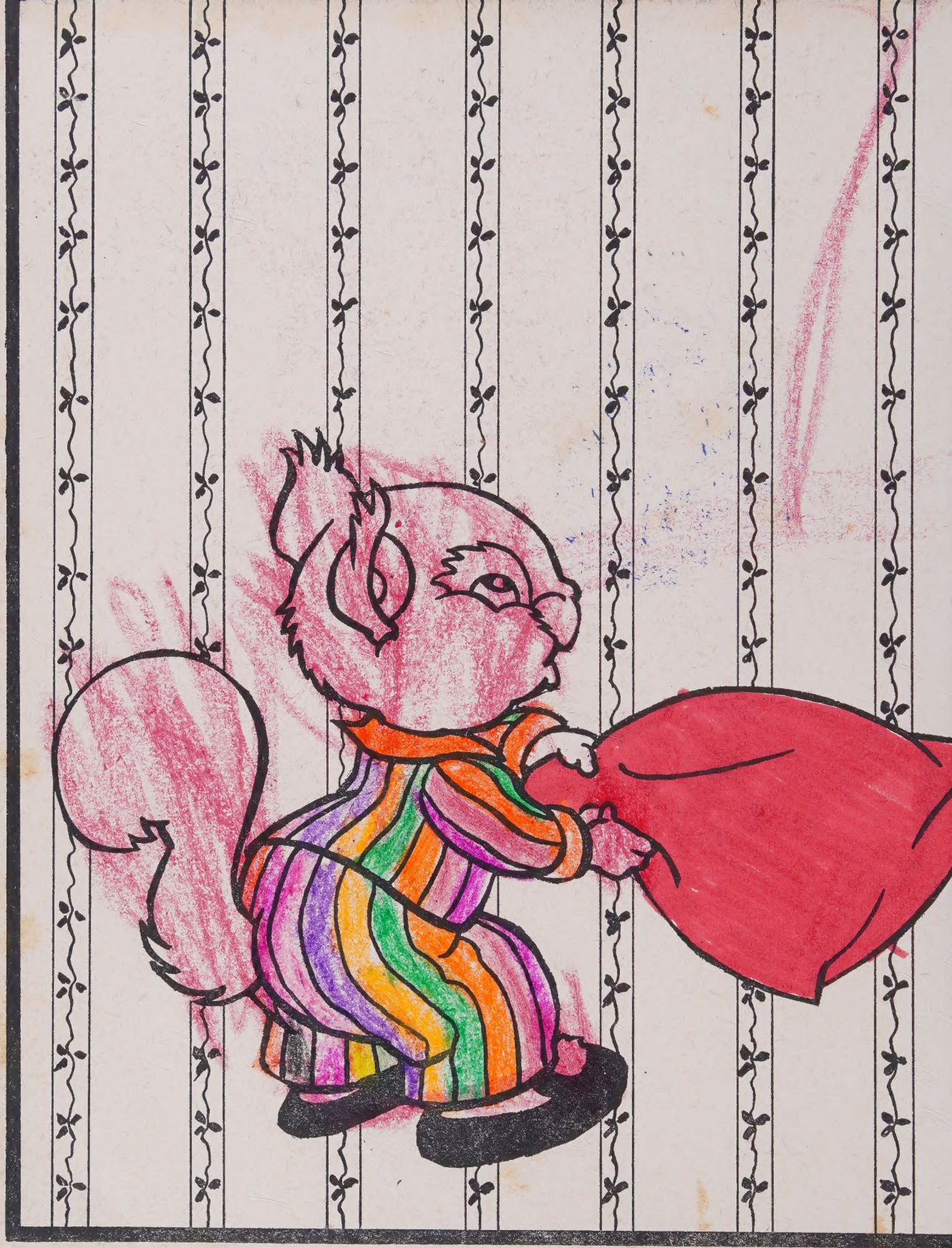
SLEEPY HEAD

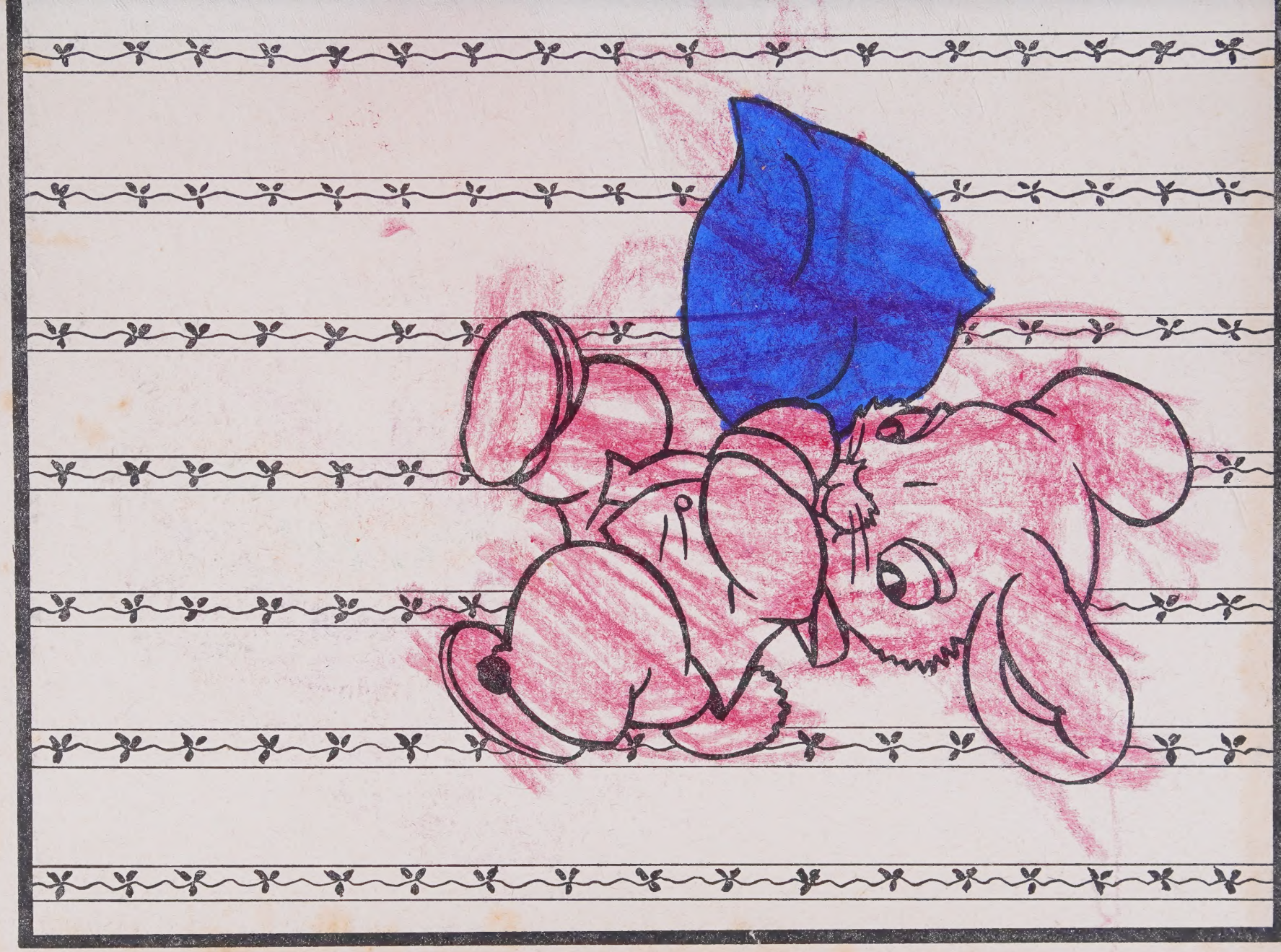
Sleepy Head climbs up the stairs at night,
Nodding and blinking by candlelight.

Down by his bed he kneels to say,
"Thank you, God, for a lovely day."

Then, hoppity skip, and he's into bed.
Goodnight, goodnight, little Sleepy Head!







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